Then came May

THEN CAME MAY By GEORGIA HASTINGS HUFFORD DORRANCE & COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

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HES/c 19 Dec 50 *Dedicated To My Pioneer Parents John and Isabella Hastings*

CONTENTS

HASTINGS FAMILY TREE

OUR FAMILY TREE

Our family is older than the Norman Conquest 1066.

The Castle of Hastings was held by that family when William the Conqueror landed and the land in that region, Sanlac Hill, as it was often called, was in possession of the family before 871.

Our family through marriage became allied with the Royal Families, England, Scotland, and France, tracing in direct line to Charles Martel, Duke of Antrim, A.D. 732; also Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, David, king of Scotland, and Henry I, King of France.

Our American branch trace their lineage back to the First Earl of Huntington.

My paternal grandfather, James Hastings, came to Canada from Scotland in 1836.

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A CHILD WAS BORN

During the year of 1832 in America, there was railroad development, some trouble brewing over slavery, and secession was being broadly discussed, but in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, November 10, 1832, a little son was born to a Scotch couple.

This date and birth might not seem important to many people in Scotland or America, but as time went on it proved to be a memorable date to me for that child was destined to be the father of eleven children, I being the youngest.

My parents, John and Isabella, were both born in Bonnie Scotland.

My paternal grandparents came to Canada when my father was four years old. Mother was twelve when her parents decided to sever relations with their much-loved country and come to America to make their future home.

Mother, being twelve years old, remembered quite plainly a good many details connected with the trip. It was a very rough perilous voyage. Due to the bad weather, nearly all of the passengers were ill. However, as stormy as the weather and as ill as so many of the passengers were, all 14 survived the trip, with the exception of two passengers, an infant and an adult.

What a feeling of thankfulness my grandparents had when they reached the shores of America without the loss of any member of their family.

In those days it was customary to bury any passengers at sea who passed away during the voyage. This was the dread of my grandparents during the rough weather.

At the time my grandparents came to this country there were not the fast steamers we have today. They were small sailing vessels and it required a great deal of courage to set

out on such a long voyage in the small vessel. It took six weeks to make the trip as the storm had played havoc with the sails and they were adrift on the ocean for some time.

I shall try in this story to prove that my parents possessed courage, patience and bravery, but a resolute heart can conquer a great many things, which to us, at times, would seem almost impossible.

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WINDS OF FATE* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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One ship drives east and another drives west, With the self-same winds that blow, ‘Tis the set of the sails And not the gales That tell them the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate, As we voyage along through life ‘Tis the set of the soul That decides its goal And not the calm or the strife.

Mother obtained most of her education in Scotland. It consisted of reading, writing and arithmetic, also the art of sewing, knitting and homemaking. All of which she made very good use.

Father received his learning in Canada. His education was along practical lines, which would be a benefit to young man who was going out into the world to make an honest living.

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However, there must have been other attractive features beside the three R's, for I have seldom seen professional dancers who could do a better job at dancing the Highland Fling and the Sailors’ Horn Pipe, than he. These seemed to be his favorite steps. He kept in practice to a certain extent all through his life and was often asked to dance these steps. On his seventy-fifth birthday we had a family dinner, most of the family being present, and he entertained us by dancing. At this time he was not as nimble and agile as in former

years, but he finished both dances and it was the last opportunity we had to see him dance.

Father was a tall man, measuring six feet two inches. He was very straight, well built and had a shock of brown hair, blue eyes, and strong, white, even teeth.

Mother was short, measuring slightly less than five feet. She also had brown hair and blue eyes.

When I was a young girl I admired my mother's and father's looks and wondered if I would possess as nice features as nice features as they had. They never seemed to age as some people did. Mother's hair never turned gray.

To this couple were born eleven children. Now, most people would say, “What a family!” Yes it was a family and my people realized that it was a large one and that it would require training, patience, forbearance and logic to train them to be good citizens. They made their family very 17 much their business. Due to very careful nursing and care, we all grew up.

While not so much attention was given to diets, calories and vitamines, mother's attention was turned to clean, wholesome food. We never missed a morning without having steel-cut oatmeal, or porridge as it was called, for breakfast. In later years rolled oats were manufactured and we enjoyed them for a change. Mother considered that oatmeal was a good food for growing children. Her lovely big white loaves of bread gave one a good start for the day too. The old-fashioned elevated-oven cook stove had an iron grating above the hearth, this was where we toasted our bread. There were always hot live coals which made the finest kind of toast, the bread browned in a minute and was piping hot. There were no toasters in those days, not even wire ones. We used a long-handled fork to hold the bread near the coals.

The pioneers needed hearty food. The grown ones worked hard and some of the children had to walk from one-half mile to three miles to school.

Our breakfasts usually consisted of oatmeal, meat, potatoes, bread, cookies or fried cakes, coffee and milk. Sometimes mother substituted corn meal mush for oatmeal. In a large family like ours every one did not care for the same food, so a variety seemed necessary to satisfy the several appetites.

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Corn meal mush is one of the hottest foods when cooked that I can imagine. My brother Dave seemed to have the same idea for when he ate corn meal mush he always had a large glass of milk and cream, mixed, and he would dip each spoonful of mush into the glass; this cooled it so it could be eaten without burning his mouth. He was the only one in the family who cared to do this, but as long as he lived he never ate corn meal mush any other way.

I have known families who did not pay the strictest attention to the dining table. Mother considered the table very important. She always insisted on having a white table cloth and the food prepared so that it looked appetizing. There was a set time for the meals to be served and we made it a point to be on hand at that particular time.

I think we enjoyed the evening meal the most of any for we were always at home for that meal. We all had the privilege of discussing the events of the day, which were numerous in a family of thirteen. Our meals were eaten slowly and everything moved along in a very orderly and dignified way. No one was allowed to talk loud or act at all boisterous.

Father was very fond of sweets. When he had finished his meal he indulged in a spoonful of sugar. He also encouraged the children in doing the same. After the meal was finished and we were excused from the table, the smaller children would go to father and he would lift us up on his 19 lap give us about a half a teaspoonful of sugar. He did this with every one of the children when they were small. We looked forward to that part of the meal just as much as we did our dessert. Whether the sugar was good for us I will not attempt to say.

We all lived to have many happy times and a lot of experiences, which I shall try to relate and in a measure prove that parents do live through the trials of bringing up large families.

You must realize from the beginning of this narrative that my ancestors loved adventure and were rovers for a number of years. As my grandparents had settled in Canada, it was quite natural that they would want their children to make that their home.

After my mother and father were married they lived in Canada for a number of years. They, however, were seized with the wanderlust the same as their parents before them.

Our family tree flourished while my parents were living in Canada. It consisted of several branches; namely, Isabella (Belle), David (Dave) James (Jim), Jean, Sarah, John and Jessie (Jess).

The children were growing up and father wanted them to have the best the world could afford. He was anxious for them to have school advantages, nice friends and to be prepared to meet the problems which face all young people.

RESOURCES

After the Civil War readjustments had to be made to meet the needs of the times. The foreign nations were overpopulated. They were looking for new country and the better things of life. In fact, the eyes of the whole seemed to be looking to America to lead them through the trying times.

The progress had been stagnated by the Civil War. Our country, realizing that the thread of progress must be taken up, decided to encourage immigration. There were numberless resources in this country if the right people could be brought here to develop them.

The United States being rich in gold, silver, iron, copper, coal and salt, there was great need for mines to be opened up and operated. How was this going to be done without a network of railroads over the entire country to distribute these valuable minerals so they could be manufactured into finished products?

This country boasted of thousands of miles of navigable rivers and lakes. There must be boats to carry the valuable cargoes to remote sections 21 of the country where the railroads had been unable to reach.

Every state had forests of different varieties of trees, which could be manufactured into lumber if mills could be established throughout the country. If the timber could be cut, there would be millions of acres of land where agriculture could be developed. There was a great need for horses and mules, so many having been killed during the Civil War.

This was the picture of conditions, in this country, which confronted our great men at the beginning of our reconstruction period. With the diversity of occupation, the United States was beckoning to capital and labor to come and assist in the upbuilding of our great and wonderful country. With all the inducements this country was offering, would it be possible for an ambitious young couple not to heed the call?

Michigan seemed to be one of the most enterprising states in the Union. It seemed to have everything to make it desirable. There were minerals and timber of almost every variety. It boasted of the longest lake shore of any state. It was proud of its educational system. People coming to this country were interested in the progress of the different religious denominations. All were free to worship according to the dictates of his own heart. It also had a number of good-sized cities, each having wonderful possibilities.

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Grand Rapids being located about the central part of the state was considered one of the most desirable cities. It was in the heart of the lumbering district. Logs were being brought

down the Grand River and used for different lines of manufacturing. The city was turning very much to the manufacture of furniture. As the city developed, it required more and greater variety of logs. Grand Rapids has kept pace with this certain line, for it is one of the outstanding cities of the world in the manufacture of furniture.

Father hearing of all these advantages, decided that Michigan was the place for his growing family.

The sons were reaching the age where they needed to branch out and learn something of the business side of life. Father, being very resourceful, knew he would have no trouble in making a living for the family. Thus, plans were made to move to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The family severed its connection with Canada and other members of their family and started on a trek which was to lead them to a new country, new friends, new life and entirely different conditions.

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MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN

Upon reaching Grand Rapids, father was very favorably impressed. It seemed to be a very promising city with possibilities for a good livelihood as well as a very desirable place to live. My older brothers were beginning to look for work and were self-supporting to quite an extent, those of school age were attending school.

The family had become settled and life was going along smoothly and happily when Christine (Tean) arrived to add one more branch to the family tree.

Every year the family was becoming more adjusted to city life and my father and mother were well pleased with the change they had made. One more baby did not seem to change the course of events to any great extent in their lives. It was just another baby for mother and father to love.

Two more years of happiness and prosperity elapsed and Elizabeth came to gladden my parents' hearts. They were just as pleased with her arrival as they had been with all others. She was a sturdy little dark-eyed baby resembling my father in a good many ways. The family tree 24 continued to flourish, as Elizabeth made the ninth branch.

My parents were overjoyed with their family of three boys and six girls—all healthy, sturdy children. With their joy and pride over their family, they were spurred on to provide and maintain a home which was a credit to both.

As I have stated, however, Grand Rapids was built along the valley of Grand River. The people who were instrumental in laying out the city did not take into consideration that there was apt to be dampness, which would prove favorable for a breeding place for mosquitoes, which might be the cause of malaria.

Right at the time when my parents had commenced to think there was nothing to worry about the family had been enjoying the best of health, financial worries seemed to be over and there was employment for everyone—my father and brother Jim became very ill. They did not think at first that the illness would be anything that could not be doctored and cleared up quickly. Such was not the case. It developed that they both had a very severe attack of malaria, which proved to be a very weakening and hard disease to battle. Months went by, doctoring and taking all kinds of medicine, and trying every kind of treatment known to science at that time, but with no result. Both seemed to be growing weaker day by day. This was very discouraging to father. With a family of nine, he could not go on indefinitely without 25 an income to take care of all the expense that was being incurred. To him, the worry that the family might come to want was more tragic than the battle with the sickness.

However, light began to shine. There was talk of the Government opening up new territory for those who wished to take up homesteads. The railroads were ambitious to extend their roads into new territory and obtain business through lumbering activity.

There were thousands of acres of virgin timber in the state of Michigan which could be lumbered if the transportation could be solved. However, the railroads were pressing farther northward each year and nearer to the land which was to be put on the market for homesteading. This publicity sounded good to my father even though he was in no physical condition to enter into very hard work.

The time was surely coming when some decision must be made. What would be the best move to make, remained to be seen. Sickness alone was a serious problem, and to make another move must be considered very carefully. After a great deal of thought and consideration, it looked as though the family might be considering make another move.

My parents knew what homesteading and pioneering meant. They with their parents had gone through this phase of life when they came to Canada. My parents were young, brave and courageous 26 and another move did not mean much, if it was to bring health to father and Jim.

After a great deal of thought and deliberation, father decided that if the new country, which he had heard so much about, was free from malaria, he would risk all he possessed for the sake of being rid of that dreadful disease which clung with such tenacity.

When he recovered sufficiently, he made a pilgrimage to the new land. Upon investigation he found it a very healthful climate, and malaria an unknown disease.

After looking the new country over very carefully, father returned to Grand Rapids. He fully explained to the family what he had found. He and the older members of the family spent days discussing the change and wondering what the best plan would be. Jim and father, of course, were very much in favor of moving. They had visions of a complete recovery from their illness. It meant a lot to give up a good home, nice living, friends, schools and churches to start pioneering again. Finally, father and his good helpmate, with renewed

courage in their hearts, decided to leave the city and their friends and move to the new-found land.

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A NEW TOWN

At the time my parents came to northern Michigan the railroads and busses did not connect every town and hamlet as they do today. You traveled to places where the railroad ended and took a stage to the point where you wanted to go. The stages were all drawn by horses, and the roads being poor, the horses were changed a number of times on some stage routes. If the place where you wanted to reach was not on the stage route, it was then necessary to travel by foot, hire a horse and ride horseback or any other available way. People in pioneer days knew what their legs were for, and they certainly made good use of them.

However, the family went to the end of the road, which was Petoskey. This little hamlet was built on the shore of Little Traverse Bay, which was a part of Lake Michigan. The possibilities for shipping seemed ideal, for here were the waterways leading out to the Atlantic Ocean. This offered a means of shipping either by rail or boat. The pioneers visioned a great future for this locality from a geographical standpoint.

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Father was very much impressed with this little village. Business seemed to be flourishing for such a small place and he decided that he, with the help of my brothers, would be able to make a nice living.

The new town seemed to be teeming with activity. Hotels, homes, stores, schools and churches were being built. There seemed to be no end to work, especially for those who were eager to progress.

Young people were flocking in from every state and country, thinking that they might gain a foothold and capture some of the riches that people were looking forward to. There seemed to be plenty of money everywhere. Property was changing hands so fast that the banks and real estate men were doing a great business. Grocery and dry goods stores could not keep enough merchandise on their shelves to supply the demands.

People moving to this new town from other places had disposed of their household goods on account of transportation facilities. They expected to be able to buy the necessary furniture for housekeeping on a small scale. However, with the growing population, the furniture stores could not cope with the demand.

The need of furniture became so great, a number of the business men formed a company and built a factory to manufacture chairs, tables and beds. While the style and quality did not compare with those manufactured in Grand Rapids, 29 people were glad to purchase them and they served their purpose.

The call for different lines of wooden-ware became greater every day. Gymnnasiums were becoming popular and the call went out for Indian clubs and dumb-bells. People seemed to think they could become physical giants if they worked hard enough swinging them. The fad was so popular that it required a good many sizes of each, for it seemed that every member of the family must have them, in order to keep fit.

Wooden-ware manufacturers realized that their business could be increased immeasurably by adding different specialties to their line, so special machinery was installed for making little wooden receptacles to be used by the stores for lard, butter, coto-suet and other commodities. Butter bowls were made by the thousand and shipped all over the United States. Hard maple, which grew in this region, was considered the most desirable wood for bowls as it did not absorb the oil from the butter and it did not taint the butter. Broom and mop handles were manufactured by the carload. These were made of either maple or beech.

A good many of the houses had been quite crudely built, using the material that was nearest at hand. Most of the roofs were shingled with shakes made of hemlock or pine. However, cedar shingles were considered the best material for roofs.

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With the building boom, a great many shingle mills were erected to meet the demand for shingles.

There were expert workmen who followed the shingle mill business. They were called shingle weavers. Shingle weavers followed the mills and never seemed settled. They would go to a town where there were shingle mills and work until the cut, as it was called, was finished, then they would move on to another place.

Shingle weavers were very rapid workers. You could scarcely keep track of their hands while weaving the shingles into bunches. They also had to sort the shingles very carefully while weaving so that no culls were worked into the better grades of shingles. Shingle weavers were like the lumberjacks, a class by themselves, they very rarely branched out into any other line of work.

With all the material that goes into buildings, and a building boom going on, it was hard to supply the demand for practically all the building was of wood. Occasionally a stone or brick building was erected, but comparatively few.

The railroad companies recognized the great amount of business the North was doing, especially in lumber, and the navigation companies and railroads both commenced to bid for the business. The Pere-Marquette Railroad extended their line to Petoskey. That, with the Grand 31 Rapids and Indiana Railroad and the Navigation Companies, made competition all the greater.

With the wonderful shipping facilities and the excellent quality of lumber, the lumbering business expanded until Petoskey was one of the principal lumbering centers of the state.

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DOCTORS AND NURSES

Mother and father agreed that Petoskey was a town for young people. Older people would never have the courage to face the problems of pioneering, but they were used to that life.

In this community everyone seemed to live by the Golden Rule and the good-neighbor policy. Their interests were mutual and they strove not to nurture the petty things of life, but to make it a city that would be an example of good living.

The climate had all the health-giving qualities that one could expect to restore health to people who were ill. In spite of the climate there was more or less sickness the pioneers.

My father and Jim recovered from malaria and never had a return of the disease.

In the days of pioneering there were few doctors and fewer nurses. Doctors did not seem to care to leave their city practice to come to a little hamlet and expect to amass much wealth, for people had many roads for their money. The fact that there were so few professionals made it incumbent upon the good mothers of the community to take on the responsibility of caring for the sick and injured, where skillful doctors and nurses 33 should have been in charge. From the nature of the principal industries, lumbering and mill-work, there were bound to be some bad accidents. Inexperienced young mothers were handicapped for lack of skill in caring for the sick.

On one occasion a neighbor's family was stricken with scarlet fever. Every day mother left her home and went to nurse these children. The baby of the family was very frail and delicate. Mother labored tirelessly to keep the spark of life in that little body. One morning when she approached the house, she noticed the father outside. She asked him how the

baby was. He looked at her with tears in his eyes and said that he had seen the “wraith” and was afraid she would not recover. Mother entered the house, but felt sure the little soul would soon be removed to where there would be no more fever or pain. Mother, undaunted by the loss of this little child, carried on until the other children were nursed back to health.

I never enter one of our modern, well-equipped hospitals, operated with the greatest efficiency, that it does not bring to my mind the pioneers. What a boon it would have been to those poor overworked mothers if they could have turned sick members of their families over to capable doctors and nurses as they do now.

I think the world today could never imagine what sickness meant to the pioneers. In some families all of the children would be stricken with 34 typhoid fever, measles or scarlet fever. The houses were small and there were no means of isolating them from other members of the family. Maybe a new baby was about to arrive.

Doctors and nurses were few and transportation very difficult. What few doctors there were had so many calls and were so overworked, it was almost impossible to get one.

There were no telephones or automobiles. If a member of the family was ill, someone would have to go for the doctor—maybe a distance of twenty miles or more. Perhaps, when the doctor's office was reached, you would find that the doctor had gone out to make a call and might not be able to get back before the following day. Those were discouraging reports, when you were sure a person's life was at stake. In such cases the pioneer mothers must carry on.

There were no electrical appliances for lights, maybe not even a lamp. There were many poor mothers who would sit all night by lamp or candle light and watch and work and pray that some member of their family might pass the crisis of the illness and be spared to

them. My mother did that very thing many times, not so much in her own family as in the neighboring families.

Although mother had never heard of sterilizing instruments or articles to be used around the sick, in the method used today, she seemed to recognize the necessity of things being thoroughly cleansed. She saved every scrap of old linen. If she was 35 called upon to dress a wound, she put the linen in the oven and left it until it was slightly scorched and then applied it to the wound immediately. The old linen was also used for the babies' first three-cornered pants. She thought new material, which was usually twenty-five pound flour sacks, was rather harsh for those tender little bodies.

Instead of the scented talcum powder and the smooth-feeling baby oils in use today, mother had a baking powder can filled with clean scorched flour, and a bottle of mutton tallow or goose oil. Maybe they didn't look as since or smell so good, but they served the purpose.

I remember one book mother read almost as much as she did her Bible. It was an old doctor book she had. It was never left out where others could read it, either. When she was not using it, it was carefully stored away in one of her bureau drawers. She did not consider it was a book for young folk to read.

Years after mother was gone, I came across the old doctor book. As far as I could figure out, nearly every one must have had big joints or a swelling on some part of their body. Hot applications were recommended. Bags could be filled with salt, then heated and applied to the affected part, of cloths could be wrung out of hot water and applied. Either one helped a great deal to relieve the pain.

However, on one occasion Jean was taken sick. She had a headache and seemed quite ill. Mother 36 sent for her good friend, the postmistress, and they diagnosed the case as being erysipelas and the best remedy they knew was a poultice of cranberries. The postmistress's son and John were dispatched to get some cranberries, which were just

beginning to ripen. The orders were given to lose no time in getting back with the berries for it was very urgent that the treatment begin at once. The boys did as they were bid and it was not long until they returned with the berries. I do not know if the remedy was taken from the doctor book or not, but Jean recovered and never had a return of that disease.

I think my mother must have had super strength and understanding to raise her family of eleven children.

With all the playing and dangers during childhood, none of us were ever seriously injured. We all grew up without any broken bones or operations.

Of course, we all had our spring tonic of molasses and sulfur and an occasional does of castor oil, it wasn't tasteless either. How far these remedies helped in the cure and prevention of disease, I have never been able to know. I have often asked prominent doctors, what value these remedies had. They never made any reply. They would always just shrug their shoulders and smile.

While my mother's family were really blessed with good health, tragedy seemed to stalk the 37 path of others. I shall relate the experiences which occurred in the families of two of my friends. One was a school mate and the oldest of three children. The baby, one and a half years old, was stricken with scarlet fever. The mother worked faithfully and untiringly day after day trying to get the little child to respond in some way to the care it was receiving, but its strength was ebbing fast. All had been done that could be thought of and it finally slipped away. The mother fearing that the other children might become afflicted with same disease decided that she must isolate it from the others. She bathed and dressed it very carefully, wrapped it in a sheet and took it to the stable to await burial. The father went to the nearest town, twelve miles away, for a little casket. By time the returned, it was dark. They put the baby in the casket and took it to the cemetery. After a short prayer by a sincere friend, the baby was buried by lantern light.

My other friend had an uncle who was teaching in Cheboygan, Mich., a distance of about one hundred twenty miles from home. The uncle was stricken with typhoid fever. It was February, one of the coldest months in the year in this part of the country. He put up a brave fight but finally succumbed to the disease. His family wanted his body brought home for burial. There were no trains, navigation was closed. The only visible means of transporting the body was by horse and 38 sled. The oldest brother thought he might be able to make the trip. He started out with his team and followed the stage route whenever possible. In some places the roads were almost impassable but he finally reached Cheboygan. After resting his team, he got the body and started back home. Whenever it was possible the traveled as fast as the horses could go. In some places the roads were not broken at all and he would unhitch the team and drive with one horse hitched ahead of the other. When night came, be stopped at Indian huts or any place where be could have shelter for himself and team. The distances seemed endless and it took twenty-one days to make the trip. He finally got the brother home and he was buried in the cemetery not far away.

These were some of the grim experiences which taxed the spirit of the most courageous pioneers.

There were a good many little graves filled where perhaps a little child might have grown up, if it could have been made possible for a doctor to reach it in time.

When I look back on pioneer days, the great wonder to me is that so many did live to grow up.

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SARAH'S BUSTLE

Sarah was my golden-haired sister. Her ambition and desire in life was to take care of the sick. She was a very efficient, attentive nurse and could usually joke or talk any one out of

the idea of being sick in any illness from croup to the most serious ailment. While assisting in the care of the sick, she would write poetry appropriate for each case. By the time the patient had passed the crisis of the illness, she had him so fully written up he could not help but laugh away any sickness.

Sarah was a person, who liked to keep up with the styles and she was quite unhappy if there was something new and she could not have it. During the time my doll Rose and I were such companions, the bustle was very popular with the young ladies. My mother could never make me understand that I was much younger than some of my sisters and styles which were suitable for them were entirely out of place on a child my age. Sarah, who was determined to be in style, bought herself a bustle so she would have it to wear when she dressed up. When the bustle was not being 40 worn it was kept in her bureau drawer, away from the prying eyes of my brothers. They thought a bustle was an absurd article of apparel and made all kinds of fun of it. Before going out to play one day I decided I would be in style once, if never again. I slipped into Sarah's room, got her bustle and put it on. I nearly got away with it, but just as I was going out the door she discovered that I had that precious bustle on. If I wasn't hurried into the bedroom! It was funny. She got it off me and into the drawer. That was the first and only chance I ever had to wear a bustle. By the time I was old enough to wear such an outlandish thing, they had gone out of style, and I was glad of it. There was one thing I could say in favor of the bustle. If a person was inclined to be at all fleshy around the hips, the bustle had a slenderizing effect.

When Sarah reached the age when she was capable of deciding what she wanted to do, she chose the profession of a doctor.

Dr. Still had founded the American School of Osteopathy of Kirksville, Missouri. His method of doctoring people was becoming very popular. It was something people seemed to have a great deal of faith in and she decided that it was the coming treatment. She went to Kirksville and entered school. It was very interesting to her. She studied hard, finished the course and had a fine understanding of that method of treatment.

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There was an opening in Winona, Minn., for an osteopath so she located there. She enjoyed a splendid practice and she had an opportunity to relieve people of their ills to her heart's content. Sarah married and had two children.

One time when Phillip and his mother were taking a little trip an old gentleman got into a conversation with him. He asked Phillip what he was going to do when he grew up. A very serious expression came into Phillip's face and he said, “My mother is a doctor—I think I would like to be an undertaker.” That was one time when he put his mother on the spot. She never was able to explain that away. However, Phillip was never an undertaker. He went to the University of Michigan and took a mechanical engineer's training. When World War I broke out, he joined the Armed Forces as a Lieutenant and served overseas.

Sarah still loves to write poetry. What she gets the most fun from is writing place cards for parties, bringing in a little humor and truth about each one. She visited Washington once, while on her way to Florida. Having lost her only son, Phillip, from illness contracted in the war, she was very anxious to visit the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

The following poem was written by her as an expression of her feelings towards the Unknown Soldier: 42 The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier The Hero so peacefully sleeps Away from the roar of the guns, No noise to disturb his slumbers, Not even the sound of drums. His mission on earth is ended But he answered the call to arms, And died on the field of battle Maybe, near the River Marne. His tomb is a work of beauty Carved by the hand of man, But the Hero inside is greater— Is an image of God's great plan. Arlington so near the Potomac And the Soldier's tomb close by, Is sacred to all who see it As they pause with awe and sigh. As the sun shines down on the granite And enshrines it with warmth and glow, The song of the bird in the distance Is like music soft and low. Oh Heavenly Unknown Soldier Sleep on to the Judgment Day, When all the sound of battle and guns Will forever by swept away.

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OUR CABIN

Petoskey, the little village where my parents settled upon arriving in northern Michigan, grew until it was beginning to take on the air of a city. There were many advantages in being in a shopping district. The schools were fine for the children. The family enjoyed the church and Sunday school, but my parents were not the ones to be confined within the walls of a city; they longed for the freedom of the country. They again started to formulate plans for a place which would take them farther from the city. They thought, with their family, it would be better to get away from the influences of the city, and be more by themselves.

Homesteads were still available to those who were interested, so they decided that they would take up a homestead and start pioneering again. The spark of adventure was still lurking in both of them and it did not take a great deal of effort to fan it into action.

Father started prospecting for a location. They did not want to be too far from the city; what they wanted most was a suitable place for rearing the family, which always seemed uppermost in father's plans.

After much searching, he found a place with a wonderful tract of virgin timber which had only been used occasionally by the Indians. It was a beautiful place with a gradual slope to Crooked Lake, which with other lakes and rivers led out to Lake Huron. There, my father decided, was the spot for our future home. The only way it could be reached at that time was by foot. There were no roads, not even Indian trails, just a dense forest.

The only way our property could be reached in the winter time was on snowshoes. In pioneer days, snowshoeing was not a pleasure as it is today. All groceries and other commodities were carried in by pack on snowshoes during the winter. There were two kinds of snowshoes, the bear paw and the long slender ones. The style of snowshoes

has not changed a great deal for as long back as I can remember. The slender ones were used the most in the early days, as they did not sink into the snow as easily as the bear paws, and it made traveling a little easier, especially if one were carrying a load.

After father had traversed every part of the property, taking into consideration the towns, waterways, where the schools would be most apt to be built, highways so that he might have ingress and egress to his holdings, he decided that the logical spot to build a temporary cabin was near the lake.

45

When the location of the cabin was decided, father and my brothers went to work to erect a little building, which was to be home for a while. It was a neatly constructed cabin made of logs. When the cabin was finished a temporary road was blazed through the woods and the remainder of the family had the thrill of moving again.

The lake was entirely surrounded by timber, and the water was cool and clear as crystal. It had a lot of small creeks flowing into it and a good-sized river for an outlet—this made the water pure so that it was perfectly safe for home consumption.

There had been very little fishing done in the lake. The Indians were the principal fishermen up to the time my parents arrived.

The pike, pickerel, bass, wall-eyes, perch, sunfish, blue-gills, eels, bullheads, and muskelonge were very plentiful. Our family liked the pickerel, pike and bass the best. We very rarely ate any other variety.

The lake provided fish the year around. In the summer fishing was done from boats or canoes; in the winter the fishing was done through the ice. We never had fish houses like those of today.

Mother never salted or smoked fish for future use as they were so plentiful they could be had at almost any time.

In pioneer, days, the fish were as unsuspecting and innocent as a good many fishermen. They were not familiar with the wiles of the plastic 46 worm, the artificial minnow, the illuminated hook and other up-to-the-minute improvements in fishing tackle, along with speed boats, we have today. About all they had had any experience with was a long tamarack pole, sandpapered so it would not blister the hands from hours of usage, a hook, line and a sinker made of lead. I believe the latter tackle landed more fish than the expensive kind used today. Fish often took the place of meat, and one could not afford to take a chance on a lot of newfangled tackle, even though they could have had it, when it came to food.

During the early days, people shared their possessions a great deal. We had a boat and it was on the lake most of the time. If some member of our family was not using it, some of our neighbors were.

There was a family lived about two miles from us. The father had studied law and was a very nice person, his two sons were very good friends of my brothers. The mother of the boys had died and the father remarried. The second wife was a person who seemed to be willing to do almost anything rather than keep house and look after the welfare of her family, so of course the family suffered in more ways than I could possibly mention. One of the things she particularly liked to do was fish. I believe, if the boat could have been available, her undivided attention would have been given to fishing. The days she thought she might have the boat, she would arrive early in the 47 morning with her fish pole and bait. She carried her bait in the pocket of her dress. She roamed the woods to find rotten logs, for that was where she got the big, fat, white grubs she used to fish with. I could never forget the look that would come into mother's face when the fisher-lady would reach into her pocket and bring out a handful of those repulsive-looking big grubs, to show mother what a nice lot of bait she had. While she always had her bait, she rarely had her

lunch, so when she thought it was about time for dinner, she would come rowing in to the dock. She never seemed to have much luck fishing, but it got her away from home and gave her a respite from what she considered work. Mother disliked terribly to have her at the table, but she always invited her to eat with us. She never refused to join us at mealtime and her appetite was one that was hard to satisfy.

There was one law regarding fish—it prohibited the spearing of fish—but once in a while the boys decided they would take a chance. If it looked rather favorable for spearing, they would get their paraphernalia together; this consisted of cloth wound tightly in balls and soaked in kerosene until thoroughly saturated, spears and boat. When it became dark they would row out to the fish beds, anchor the boat, listen carefully to make sure there were no game wardens near, then they would light their torches. The light from the torches attracted the fish, and when they came near the 48 boat spearing would begin. They would spear a few minutes then “douse their glims” for a while. When they thought there were no wardens around and it was perfectly safe, they would light their torches again and spear. These spearing expeditions were not made very often for every one was fearful of being caught and having to pay a fine. The fellows who liked to fish considered this a lot of sport. I think their greatest satisfaction was in evading the law, not the number of fish they speared. The game wardens, I think, sort of shut their eyes to spearing for I never heard of any arrests. After all, the pioneers needed a few thrills and this was one way of getting them.

The lake also provided a wonderful place to swim and wade, and we made good use of it for both. Pioneers had no bathrooms or bath tubs as we have today. With a family our size the lake simplified the bathing problems a lot, especially during the summer.

49

PASSENGER PIGEONS

Library of Congress

The year my father settled on his homestead was one of the years the passenger pigeons were so thick in this region. They seemed to be on the move the same as my family. They were looking for a place to rest. The hardwood trees seemed to attract them, as they fed on the buds of these trees more than any other variety. They came in such numbers that the sky would be darkened when they went to roost in the evening. There were so many trying to get a place to roost that when they lit the weight of the birds would break the limbs from the trees. No one could ever imagine so many birds of one species.

My brothers, Dave, Jim and John, devised a plan whereby they could trap the pigeons. They trapped so many the family could not begin to consume them. It would never do in pioneer days to allow any food to go to waste; something must be done to preserve them for future use. Mother, being very resourceful, worked out different methods of preparing them for food when the need for them was greater than at that particular time. Some were smoked, others cooked and put in crocks and fat poured over them, some were dried 50 and some packed in salt. These were kept for winter, and I believe relished more than in the summer when they were so plentiful. They were quite a delicacy, whichever way they were prepared. Mother continued this practice as long as the pigeons were plentiful in this section.

There was a great demand for the pigeons from outside markets. My brothers shipped barrels of them to the cities.

I could never understand how there could be such large flocks of birds of this species. Different authorities state that there is never more than one pigeon hatched at a time. If there are two birds hatched in a nest, it is where two mother birds share the same nest.

My brothers were responsible for the slaughter of a good many pigeons. They did not realize, with the slow breeding and mass slaughter, that it might mean extinction of the pigeons, if continued.

As I have observed, the extinction and destruction of natural resources should have been foreseen and laws enacted to protect, preserve and conserve our game, fish and forests.

In this section, people have boasted of shooting as many as fifty partridge in one day. In the woods where they were shot, hardly a one can be seen now. In this same woods there is also the absence of squirrel, woodchuck, raccoon, porcupine and other small woods animals.

51

However, the Conservation Department of our state is now doing a wonderful job in protecting our fish, forests and wild life.

What happened to the beautiful pigeons still remains a mystery. They disappeared as they came, almost overnight. Some think they became lost in a storm and perished during migration.

There have been rewards offered in quite large sums for one or more pigeons of this species, but not to my knowledge has one ever bee found.

What a treat it would be now to look forward to having these beautiful, graceful, slick little friends make us a visit every year. I am sure we would welcome them just as much as we do the robins, orioles, and a lot of other migratory birds.

I must say, however, that during pioneer days too much attention could hardly be considered in the conservation of game and fish, as the pioneers depended on the natural resources for a great deal of their living. They embraced every opportunity to garner the things which would help feed their families during the winter. It was a long period from the time fall set in until there were vegetables and berries the following summer. No one could realize more fully than the pioneers how important it was to store food for winter.

As the timber was cleared away, conditions seemed perfect for wild raspberries and black-berries. The bushes grew from four to six feet high and were loaded with fruit. They were not little shriveled berries, but great big ones as nice 52 as any cultivated ones I have ever seen. All anyone had to do was to go and pick them. Sometimes it seemed like hard work, but they were there for those who were willing to work. They made wonderful jams, jellies and preserves.

There were many things available and as free as the air they breathed if you got out and worked. Work seemed to be our watchword.

53

SHOES

Granulated sugar sold for twenty pounds for one dollar, and brown sugar twenty-five pounds for a dollar. While these prices seemed quite high to the pioneers, they seemed to do as much canning and preserving as they possibly could, for they thought the children, especially, needed sweets.

Pioneers could not make out a list of canned goods, jellies and other tasty articles and go to the stores every day to shop. At times, it would be months before the mothers would ever see inside of a store of shop. Neither were there catalog houses where you could send your order and receive your goods in a few days. Good coffee could be purchased for twelve cents per pound. Both Arbuckle and McLaughline XXXX brand sold for that price.

A good many of the pioneers had a substitute for coffee which they used a good deal. It was made by parching wheat, rye and barley in the over until a rich golden-brown. Then it was pulverized very fine. This made a very nourishing drink and tasted very much like the Postum we 54 use today. The pioneers considered this quite a saving, even though coffee was so cheap.

Shoes for our family required quite an expenditure of money. The fall of the year was the biggest problem in the purchase of foot wear, for we not only had to have shoes but overshoes also. The overshoes were similar to those of today, but instead of being all rubber there was a covering of black wool jersey, which added considerably to their warmth.

Before going to town, I have seen father look our shoes over carefully, as to condition and size, and to find out who really needed shoes the worst. When he returned it was not unusual for him to have six or seven pairs of shoes and the same number of overshoes. The years of experience he had in buying shoes for his family made him a good purchaser, for I never knew of a pair having to go back to be exchanged. For a number of years when I was a child father and I had a good deal of bickering over the shoe business. I liked to play in the snow, and I would play until my feet seemed almost frozen, then I would go into the house and put my feet so close to the stove I would burn my shoes. It would not be long until the leather would begin cracking and I would need new shoes. There was a style of shoes made at that time, very plain with copper fitted over the toes. I suppose they were designed for youngsters like myself who were hard on shoes. Every time I burned my shoes, father would tell me that the 55 next shoes were going to have copper toes. The next time when my father bought me a new pair of shoes he would hand me the box, but I did not receive it with much enthusiasm; I dreaded to open it; I would be certain that that pair of shoes would have copper toes. When I finally had the courage to look into the box and found they did not have copper toes, what a feeling of relief would come over me, and I would solemnly vow that I would never burn my shoes again. While a good many times I thought I was just on the brink of wearing copper-toed shoes, my father never bought them for me. While he was very anxious for me to be more careful of my shoes, I don't think he had the heart to inflict such punishment on a little girl who had such a distaste for that style of shoe.

The merchants considered my father a very good customer. He bought a lot of nearly all varieties of merchandise on account of the size of the family, and they were always very glad to extend credit to him. Credit was given more freely than it is now. Nearly everyone ran a grocery bill. Sometimes ours was all paid up and then again only a partial payment was made. Whichever the case, the groceryman always gave my father a generous amount of candy for the children. No one could ever know how we looked forward to money being paid on the grocery bill. When mother opened the groceries and found the candy, she did not give it to any certain one, 56 neither did we eat it all at one time. She would look at us and say, “Deal small and serve all,” then the sack was put for a while. In doing this, the candy lasted quite a while and gave us quite a few little treats.

Father's trips to town were usually made on Saturday. Another treat that he usually brought us was a flat tin can of oysters. If I remember correctly, there was a quart to the can and they cost fifty cents. Saturday was a busy day at our house, for there was always extra baking and cooking done for Sunday and the house was given a thorough cleaning in case we had company, and we usually did. Father thought it was nice to have a little change, and on Saturday night about ten o'clock mother made a nice oyster stew and served round crackers with the letter S stamped on each one. We all thought that was about the last word in the way of a Saturday night treat.

57

EVELYN

After two years of pioneering on the homestead, my sister Evelyn arrived to add one more branch to the family tree. While the little log cabin was rather crowded with eleven of the family already occupying it, there was still room for one more baby.

How mother felt about so many babies no one ever knew, for there never seemed to be a regret over the arrival of one more. Each one was welcome and loved just as much as the

others. She always said, if she was called upon to give up one of her children, she did not know which one it would be, for she had no favorites.

Evelyn was a beautiful little child. She had large blue eyes, very fair skin and golden curly hair. Father was fond of her; I don't believe a father could love a child more than he did her. As she arrived during one of the years the pigeons were here, he often called her Pidgy. As she grew older he shortened the name and called her Pidge. That funny little nickname stuck to Evelyn as long as father lived, although he did not call her by that name entirely. He was the only member of the family who ever addressed her as Pidgy or 58 Pidge. While we all thought Evelyn was a very pretty name, she never resented or objected to father's nickname. She also had another name. On account of her being so chubby during her babyhood, my sister Belle called her Bunch. She went through school by the name of Bunch and that nickname clung to her all of her life. Bunch had a different disposition than some of the rest of us. She and John had a number of similar traits, and their features were quite alike. She was fond of the horses, cows, chickens or anything which had life. She spent hours in the barn with the animals and chickens. She even learned to milk. We had a little heifer and when she commenced to give milk, Evelyn insisted upon milking her. I could never understand how she could get near enough to a cow to milk. I was mortally afraid of them. If a cow even looked at me, I would tremble and shake until I would almost have a chill, and I have never overcome that feeling.

Evelyn was a little older than I, but we always had a great deal in common all our lives. She had a maternal instinct, which gave her a feeling that she should always look after me. We had about three quarters of a mile to go to school and I shall always feel indebted for her guardianship. She never allowed me to get into disputes, neither would she allow others to take advantage of me. She never allowed me to stop along the way to play with other children. Just as soon as school 59 was closed and we got the mail, we were ready for home. As well as we agreed on most things, there was one never-ending argument —that was about who would carry the lunch pail. Evelyn was perfectly willing to carry it when it was full, but she would not carry it when it was empty. I did not like the idea of

always carrying an empty lunch pail either. Sometimes we had glasses which had had applesauce or other food which required such receptacles. I didn't like to hear them rattling in an empty pail. Oftentimes I would set the pail down in the road and we would get nearly home, then I was the one who had to go back and get it. Sometimes I intentionally left it at the schoolhouse. Just as soon as she discovered that I did not have it, back I would have to go and get that pail. I never could account for the way we acted about the lunch pail. As long as we were in school there was never a day that I did not try to make her carry the empty pail, but any plan I could devise failed. The only chance I ever had to carry a full lunch pail was when something happened so that Evelyn did not go to school and I went alone.

In this part of the country it gets very cold during the winter months, and I have always felt the cold keenly. One day when going home from school, I became quite chilled. I had a feeling of weariness and insisted upon sitting down to rest. Evelyn argued and labored with me and was just as determined that I should go along with her. It 60 was a lucky thing for me that she was so insistent, for I did not realize that I was being overcome with the cold. Mother, realizing the condition I was in when I reached home, put my hands and feet in cold water, then wrapped me in warm blankets and soon had me very comfortable. The chilling meant that I would suffer some from chilblain, but nearly everyone had that in the winter.

Evelyn liked to go to the post office. I could not understand why because she was not looking for any important mail and was not old enough to be getting letters from any young man, but she had friends. There were certain ones who seemed to think Evelyn should get the up-to-the-minute news, so she, out of politeness, would lend a listening ear. John thought she spent too much time in going for the mail, so he conferred the title of “Reporter” on her. If Bunch was not back with the mail when John thought she should be, he would usually ask if the reporter had not returned. It made Evelyn furious to be called that. She thought it was an outrageous thing for anyone to be called, but that made no difference to John, he thought that she had merited that title and he expected her to live

up to it. Evelyn outgrew a lot of the things she liked to do in her younger days. She married and went West to live and her life there was entirely different.

When quite small, I was sent to the village on an errand. Evelyn was not with me so on this 61 particular occasion I took my time and did as I pleased. The road to the village went through a lumber yard. There were several men working in the yard and using very profane language. I had never heard such language and it seemed very fascinating to me. I repeated some of the words until I felt quite familiar with them and added them to my small vocabulary. For our evening meal mother had prepared a pan of delicious baked beans. I was fond of baked beans and thought I would surprise the family by using some of the new words I had heard in the lumber yard. There was profound silence and I think mother must have thought that the wrath of God would descend upon me at almost any moment, for she commanded me to go into her bedroom. She asked me where I had heard the words that I used when I asked for the beans. She was sure I had not heard my father or brothers use them, for they were not given to swearing. I told her where I had heard them and she said it was a terrible thing to speak of God in that way. That was taking God's name in vain, and that was something we must never do. Her spiritual advice must have had its effect for to this day I would not have the courage to express myself as I did that evening at the table.

During pioneer days there was not the need for banks that there is today. Men earning twenty-five cents per hour could easily find places for money, especially those with families.

62

My father's banking was done entirely under his own roof. Mother served as banker, cashier, teller and bookkeeper. She had a little black box very similar to cigar boxes of today which would hold one hundred cigars. This was the safety box for valuable papers, such as the patent for the homestead and tax receipts, which father stressed the importance of keeping. In this box there was a little knitted stocking, the leg being about

a foot long. It was cream color, beautifully knitted, with a cable stitch and shell pattern running the entire length of the stocking. All receipts for expenditures were neatly folded, tucked into this little stocking and a string tied around the top. Father would give mother the receipt for taxes, groceries, shoes or whatever the money had been spent on. “You better take care of it,” he would say. Mother would immediately go to the little black box, get out the little stocking and deposit it there. When father brought home money, that was put in the pocketbook and deposited in the little black box. None of the children ever thought of opening this box. If money was needed, mother would get it. She always knew exactly what the cash balance was, and there were times, of course, when the balance was pretty low. When that was the case, mother always came back with the answer, “The Lord will provide.” She was rewarded for her abiding faith, for some provision was always made. She or her family never went hungry, ragged or dirty.

63

However, there was a story attached to that little stocking. There seemed to be something intriguing about it to me for whenever I knew mother was going to put something into it, I would run along with her to get another glimpse of it. I wondered why she seemed to prize it so highly and never used it for anything except that which she considered of value. I could not understand why some of us did not wear the stocking, or why I never saw a mate to it. My curiosity became so great that one day I asked my mother where she got the stocking, and who it belonged to. I still remember the story very well. The tears came into her eyes. She told me a very dear friend she had, when she herself was a young mother, has a little boy and that the little stocking belonged to him. Maybe she had knitted the stockings for him, that I do not know. The little boy died for a fever. I presume that dear friend gave the little stocking to my mother for a keepsake. At least, it was prized as that for a good many years. I still have the little black box, but the little stocking served its purpose and disappeared, for I have not seen it for many years.

Mother must have proven to my brothers that she was a good custodian of money for they also entrusted her with their savings, and they could always depend on her bookkeeping.

When we were children, mother was very exacting when it came to money. When she sent us to the store, she gave us a list with the prices marked 64 opposite each item. She always allowed a few cents more in case the prices might have changed since the last purchases were made. When we returned with the merchandise, there was always an accounting made of the money spent, then maybe as a reward for honesty she gave us a few pennies or a nickel. We were careful about spending it. Children never thought of having an allowance in those days and money was dealt out very sparingly. We usually spent our money for slates, slate pencil or something we could use in school.

65

THE ALMANAC & CATALOG

During the cold winter months there were certain pieces of mail we all looked forward to getting. They were the almanacs and seed catalogs. I believe the almanac was the most important—it was of great service in stating when it would be stormy, whether it would snow, rain or be fair. This information gave one an opportunity to plan work according to the weather. Everyone consulted the almanac to find the time for planting seeds, when different crops should be harvested, the time for butchering the pigs. If we ever had a piece of pork that did not quite come up to our expectation, Jim would declare that it was not killed in the right time of the moon. There were valuable remedies for nearly all kinds of illness. Take it all in all, the almanac was almost as indispensable as mother's doctor book.

The seed catalogs were a little different, although they, to a certain extent, were allied with the almanac when it came to planting. The catalogs, of course, had such a wide range of articles to order from that there was always considerable discussion, for we could not let it run into too much money, and must order the things which 66 would be of most benefit to the family. After the novelty of the new catalog wore off, mother and Dave were usually the

ones who decided on the flower and vegetable seed for they were the ones who planned and planted the garden.

Father attended to purchasing the field seeds. He knew more about them than any other member of the family, so no one ever questioned his judgment along those lines.

These two publications were read and re-read during the winter, and by planting time were so worn and tattered it was hard to glean very much information from them for either planting or harvesting.

With the demand for more lumber, cattle, horses and farm produce, my father and brothers cleared the land as fast as the lumber was cut and sold, and commenced tilling the soil. This added greatly to the family income. I could never attempt to tell you how the crops grew on the new soil. There were, of course, centuries of growth of leaves and vegetation which added to mother earth produced th richest of soil. The earth seemed almost alive and the crops seemed to almost spring out of that loose rich soil. In fact they grew so fast and were so tender, a good many of the carrots and cabbage did crack open. Many times I had seen father pick up a handful of earth and look at it as intently as a lace merchant would examine a beautiful piece of lace, and then say, “My, that grand soil.”

67

There was a variety of potatoes, which were particularly adapted to the new soil. They were called the White Elephant. While other fine potatoes have been grown in other states, this particular variety of potato could never be forgotten. They were a very large potato dry and mealy and white as flour. When baked they would often pop open. Add butter or a nice milk gravy, and they were delicious. There are no White Elephant potatoes raised in this locality now. They fulfilled their mission when they fed the pioneers.

Father never missed taking advantage of an opportunity, if he thought it would better conditions for his family.

He heard of a man who owned sheep. With the land being cleared, he thought sheep would be a valuable asset. Father and Dave went to interview the owner of the sheep. They found he had quite a flock, and was quite anxious to let them out on shares. Father decided, at once, that he would be glad to enter into an agreement for taking the sheep. The following contract was made, Mr. Wallace agreed to let father have eight Shropshire sheep. After a period of four years, father was to return sixteen ewes to Mr. Wallace. The ewes were to be not less than one year or more than four years old.

Father thought this was a golden opportunity to get started in the sheep business. He never dreamed but that he would have to pay a certain amount for the sheep. He was so pleased with the 68 deal that he brought the sheep with him. Father took wonderful care of them and according to the agreement, he returned sixteen ewes at the end of the four-year period.

Under my father's watchful care the flock increased amazingly. Some of the ewes had a many as three lambs a year, others had twins, and some only had one lamb. As a rule, the mothers were very fond their babies, but once in a while there would be a mother who would not claim her newborn lamb. In this event we would fit up a child's nursing bottle and give them cow's milk. Sometimes it would be a little hard to get them started on a bottle. We would get them nice and warm and put a few drops of milk into their mouths, and with a little patience and coaxing they would finally settle down. When they really got enough warm milk into their stomachs and knew how good it was, we would have no more trouble. You really became very much attached to those wooly little orphans after feeding them and seeing them grow just like any other baby.

Sometimes when the washing was being done, we would give the orphans a bath. It was a lot of fun, and how white, curly and beautiful they were when they got thoroughly dry.

We could never see but that the bottle-fed lambs grew and were just as strong and healthy as those raised by the mother. The wool from the Shropshire sheep is considered a very

find quality. During the years father and had the entire flock, they 69 yielded a lot of lovely wool. The sheep were sheared every spring as soon as the weather commenced to be warm, for their winter overcoat was too warm to wear during the summer.

I shall never forget how distressed the lambs were when the mothers would return to them after being sheared. The poor little lambs had never seen their mothers without that warm, soft, fleecy wool that they could cuddle up to so closely and keep nice and warm if it was cold. For them to be sheared so closely one could hardly imagine them ever having wool, the lambs not recognize them. The lambs would cry and bleat for their mothers. When the mothers would come, the lambs would have nothing to do with them. The lambs would go all day without anything to eat. Usually at night the mothers would claim their babies, and by the following morning they had had something to eat and were consoled and comforted.

When the sharing was finished and th wool all gathered together, it was taken to the lake and all hands turned in and washed it. Mother thought it worked up nicer if it was washed before being sent to the woolen mills. After the wool was thoroughly dried, it was packed in big burlap bags and sent to the woolen mills at Reed City.

How anxiously we waited to receive the articles which were to be manufactured from our wool. It was sent away in June but it was usually early fall before our shipment was received.

70

Our order usually consisted of carded wool ready to the spun into yarn. Mother had a spinning wheel and she spun the yarn at odd times. There was heavy material for work pants for my father and brothers. This material was one hundred per cent wool, woven very closely, and shed snow and rain. Moisture would stick to the outside of the material and could easily be brushed off. It was wonderful material for this climate. The pants were warm and not being absorbent, weather conditions did not affect them. Part of the wool was made into blanket material and batts for comforters. There was a lighter material for

dresses and petticoats. There were skeins of yarn of different weights, ready for knitting. The yarn was always white, for some of it was to be used in knitting underwear, socks and stockings. Sometimes mother dyed the yarn before it was knitted. Other times she would knit the article and dye them after being completed. Mother was an expert at dyeing yarns and materials. She always thought that she must have Diamond Dyes to have the materials turn out well. She preferred colored yarns for caps, mittens, work socks, wristlets and loggings. They stayed clean longer.

How warm and comfortable the long black leggings felt when the thermometer was hovering around forty degrees below zero. Mother never had to urge us to wear them either.

I am still using some of the blankets and comforters made from the wool which my father valued 71 so highly. How I wish that we might have some of the yarn and material made from our own wool. I think it would be almost priceless.

Mother always had plans made far ahead for knitting. She never got as much done as she hoped. I can remember many times she would wash our stocking at night so they would be clean for us to wear to school the next day. She always said stockings were not warm if they were not clean

Mother did not have a sewing machine. They were a luxury, in those days, which only the ones with considerable money could afford. She was compelled to divide her time between knitting and sewing. With so many girls teasing for new things, she could not devote all her time to knitting. She also made all the work pants. That was really hard work. She was very particular and the material was heavy and hard to sew.

There is an advantage in being a member of a large family. As the older ones outgrow of tire of different garments, they can be utilized for the younger ones.

Mother was adept at ripping up garments, washing, as dry cleaners were unknown in her day, ironing and dyeing, then finally making up the material into cloaks, dresses, petticoats or underwear, whichever might be needed the most.

Sometimes were younger ones would remonstrate against wearing the older ones' clothes, but mother was a good peacemaker and would give 72 some such sales talk as "no one would ever dream that they were not brand new for they had taken the dye so well and the material looked just like new." No doubt, some of it was much better than we are wearing today for manufacturers in those days had not learned the art of mixing rayon, cotton or nylon with wool. After all, over garments were genuine, whether silk, cotton, satin or wool.

I remember once how overjoyed I was to receive a package addressed to myself from my maternal grandmother, Isabella Hood, who lived in Canada. Being the youngest of the family, I was not accustomed to receiving many packages. This one was my very own. It contained a very fine piece of cashmere in a beautiful shade of rose. How proud I was to know that I was going to have a new dress made from material no one had ever worn. Jean, being quite proficient as a dressmaker, helped mother design it. I still remember that little dress. It had quite a short skirt attached to a white muslin waist, and a long coat effect extending below my waist line. In each corner of the bottom of the coat there were white roses embroidered. That little dress was worn for a long time as my best dress. I could wear it to Sunday school, but the minute I got home I took it off. Mother remodeled it but I finally outgrew it entirely. The front pieces of the coat was made into a scarf and the rest of the dress was passed on to one Dave's little girls. When 73 she outgrew it, it was sewed into rags for a rag carpet to lend color to it.

As I mentioned in the first part of my story, mother learned to knit and sew when she was a little girl living in Scotland. Her work was beautiful. She took a great deal of pains with everything she made. I remember the beautiful mittens she knitted out of the finest

yarn she could buy. They usually had fancy backs called the shell and cable stitch. Occasionally she knitted gloves of silk thread.

The time came when she did not make the heavy clothing. She also dropped off on the knitting in later years, but the time never came when she gave it up entirely. If the immediate family did not need knitted garments, there were the grandchildren she love to make things for. She made good use of these two accomplishment as long as she lived.

With all the lovely things manufactured from our wool, was it any wonder father could see where sheep would mean added comforts for his family?

74

THEN CAME MAY

Then came May, 1884. May, the month when my parents celebrated their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary. For them May, 1884, was the beginning of a new era. Up to this time they had only been squatters, now they homesteaders. In this memorable month they received a letter from Washington, D. C., containing the patent for the homestead, which gave father the complete ownership according to the Homestead Act of Congress. From that date he was allowed to clear the land, build fences, make permanent improvements and plan of the future. The property belonged to John and Isabella and no one could take it from them.

I don't think my parents ever received a letter that brought them the gladness and satisfaction that letter did. Their dream had come true. To think, they had a patent from the Government, signed by the President of the United States of America, granting them eighty acres of land. It seemed that their “cup of joy” was overflowing.

After living three years in the little log cabin which my father and brothers built for a temporary 75 home, father commenced to lay plans for a permanent future home.

Library of Congress

A spot was cleared up on the hill, near a beautiful grove of maple trees, previously used by the Indians for a council ground , and only a short distance from the lake. There he erected quite an imposing edifice. In this home there were modern conveniences and room for the family to spread out more. Into this home went sacrifice, love and much hard work. No matter how well regulated a household might be, there is always plenty to do.

By this time the lumbering business had become well organized. The village, which my father left to take up the homestead, was still short of houses. There was still an influx of people coming into this region, being attracted by the mills and lumbering interests.

My father and brothers decided that this was the golden opportunity to make of our forest, so they started to cut down the beautiful maple, beech, hemlock, cedar and elm, to be made into lumber and shingles. A great deal of the hemlock bark was used by the tannery, which had recently moved here. This made the hemlock trees doubly valuable, for the bark was used for tanning leather and the logs were just as valuable for lumber after the bark was removed. It also gave men employment peeling the hemlock bark from the logs.

Father loved the forest with its beautiful trees, also the quiet and restfulness of the great out-doors. The 76 trees were so magnificent, the thought of cutting them almost made my father weep. Some trees measured four and five feet in diameter and towered fifty and sixty feet toward the sky. The maple trees were mostly rock-maple, but scattered among them were some beautiful satiny birds-eye maple, which are almost a hidden treasure to those who are seeking that particular variety of tree. Father would often bring in chips from the birds-eye trees to show mother what a prize he had found that day.

Joyce Kilmer: “I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree. A tree that looks to God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray.”

I think my father must have shared with Joyce Kilmer the admiration and appreciation of the beauty of the forest. My father's and brothers' aims seemed mutual for each one strove to make a nicer home and more pleasant surroundings for the family.

77

HOME

It has been said that, "A man's home is his castle." I believe our home was more than a castle. Mother and father made their home a place to live, no matter how humble it was. Even the little log cabin in pioneer days was a good example of what a home could be.

My parents thought that home was a place for babies to be born, and discipline should start while the babies were still in the cradle.

Home was the place to talk over the family affairs and settle all arguments and disputes.

Home was the place for all members of the family to bring their friends.

Home was the place for fun, frolic and enjoyment.

Religious training was started in our home when we knelt at mother's knee to say our prayers.

Good mental, physical and educational training took root in our home.

Ideas and ideals were formulated and encouraged under the direction of our parents.

Home was a manufacturing plant, where many varieties of raw material were manufactured into finished products.

78

Mother was not socially inclined yet she enjoyed company to the fullest, and helped in every way possible to plan good times for us. She considered, however, with a family of eleven children, they should have her undivided attention.

The new house was finished and the family moved once more. This my mother thought would surely be the last move for a while. Everything seemed to be well organized and running smoothly. The older girls in the family, being quite grown up, were able to take over quite a good deal of the responsibility of the home when I, the writer of this little story, arrived to claim the last branch on our family tree.

My parents thought that after all the girls they had a son would be very welcome, but that did not happen. I was just one more girl. They had completely run out of family names for girls, so they decided to name me after an uncle whose name had not yet been pressed into service. So I was named Georgia Hood after my mother's oldest brother.

Our family tree had its last branch. Now came the duty of trimming and training to develop a family of good citizens with good characters, which my parents considered very important.

The family crest, of which my parents were so proud, declared there would not be a member of their family who would cast a shadow on a long line of honorable Scotch stock, which had been so carefully shielded through all the generations.

While father had been laboring so faithfully to get the new house completed, mother was by no means sitting idle. She had been making hooked and braided rugs and sewing carpet-rags to be woven into new rag carpet for the new house, for rag carpets were very much in style during pioneer days.

For years mother had two complete sets of rag carpets. One used for summer and one for winter. As she had new ones made, they were used for summer and the older ones for winter.

With spring came the annual house cleaning. This meant a complete change in the house.

We had a summer kitchen, and the first change when house cleaning started was to move the cook stove into the summer kitchen. The dining room stove was put into the winter kitchen and the living room stove was put into the dining room. This left the living room free of a stove in the summer; this made more room and we considered the change a nice one.

We did not have the floor padding to put under rugs and carpets as we have today. The floors were all thoroughly cleaned and a covering of clean straw spread evenly over each floor. The pretty rage rug was then spread very carefully over the straw, stretched as tightly as could be, and tacked.

How proud mother felt when the house cleaning was finished and she had her new carpets, hooked and braided rugs distributed through the 80 house. She always planned on making several rugs in the winter to replenish those which might look worn from the winter's wear.

The house cleaning was not completed, however, until all the beds had a thorough renovating. The beds, during pioneer days, did not have springs and mattresses such as we have today. Each bed was equipped with slats and a case made of heavy ticking, similar to our mattress covers, with an opening in the top so the straw could be thoroughly stirred up. These cases were filled with clean straw and used as a mattress. Some of the beds had feather ticks, and some a heavy cotton pad to spread over the ticks, as they were called. It was necessary to have the pads over the ticks as the straw would have been rather harsh for the body.

Every few weeks, as the straw became broken from wear, the ticks were emptied, washed and filled with new straw. It was really a very sanitary method. The golden straw kissed by the rays of the sun, during the growing and ripening season, and the dust having been washed away by the summer rains, could not have been made cleaner or more sanitary.

Each day when the beds were made, the bed covers and pads were removed and the straw thoroughly stirred, then smoothed out carefully and made up again. How inviting the beds looked after being made up carefully. The straw ticks, 81 when thoroughly stirred, were as thick as two of our inner-spring mattresses.

I shall never forget how our tires bodies would sink down into the straw and we would go to sleep and never hear a sound all night.

There are all kinds of springs, electronic blankets, heaters and every convenience, but I never expect to find a bed where I can enjoy the rest as I did sleeping on one of those nice soft clean straw ticks. Youth had its reward.

82

THE NEW CARPET

The time came when mother and father thought we should have a new woven carpet for the living room. We never had a parlor, so their worries were eliminated as far as purchasing a parlor carpet.

The day dawned when they decided to go to town and shop for the new carpet. Mother donned her little black bonnet, tied the ribbons under her chin, put her paisley shawl on over her best black dress, and they were off to shop for the new carpet. They visited all the stores where carpet was sold. They examined each piece carefully to see that it was if good quality and all wool, for they expected it to last a long time. They wanted a carpet with a color which would not be apt to fade or soil easily and one that would fit in with our

style of furniture. They discussed the price quite thoroughly, for while they wanted a good carpet, there was a limit to what they wanted to pay. Scotch people are like that, you know.

What a thrill we had when we got the new carpet! I remember mother saying it was a three-ply ingrain, which was considered a very good carpet in those days.

83

The carpet was born with a little circular design. One side was darker than the other. In the winter we had the brown side up. In the summer it was turned over and we had the tan side showing.

The stores sold carpet by the yard and the purchaser had to do the sewing. Mother spent hours matching the pattern and sewing the strips together.

After the walls were kalsomined, the floor thoroughly cleaned, new straw spread over it and the new carpet stretched and tacked so there wasn't a wrinkle in it, the windows cleaned and curtains laundered, we thought our living room was almost perfect.

Of course the furniture was Victorian style, for it was brought from Grand Rapids, and the pictures were Curries and Ives prints. As I now look back, our little living room was attractive although I do not think the children fully appreciated it at that time.

How we enjoyed the living room, especially in summer! Mother pulled the shades down in the morning, while the sun was bright, and it always seemed so clean, cool and airy.

We have all had many rugs and carpets during our lives, but I think the greatest joy we ever had was when mother and father bought the little tan and brown carpet for our living room.

The porch was on the east side of the house, looking out on the flower garden. There was also 84 a mountain ash, some maple and a black walnut. Mother loved roses and she had

a collection very rare and beautiful. There were lilacs, snowballs, hollyhocks and perennial plants consisting of columbine, bleeding-heart, larkspur, and hens and chickens.

Mother and Dave spent hours every spring designing different-shaped beds and deciding which flowers would be the most effective. She had some round beds, star shaped, crescent, oblong, and square. The flowers planted in these beds were all annuals. There was a lot of work in connection with the flowers, but when they started to bloom there was a riot of color and they were beautiful.

The old hop vine grew on the east side of the house, but we never classed that as a flower. It was a necessity, for mother depended on it for the hops to make the yeast. She never could have made those big white delicious loaves of bread had it not been for the old hop vine.

When I was a child, I was always fascinated with those pretty silky-looking, creamy, cone-shaped blossoms. They seemed so alive and light. They gave you a feeling that they would hop away from you. You could squeeze and crush them; they popped right back into hops. I don't wonder that they made the bread rise.

Jean was a very ambitious person, and always kept the family in an uproar wanting to do things. One of the things she loved to do was designing dresses and hats. She displayed this artistic ability 85 when she was not more than twelve years old. Her hand work on everything she made was about as near perfect as it possibly could be.

As the years went by, Jean displayed considerable ability along architectural lines. One time she decided mother's bedroom was not as large as it should be. The idea developed until one day she persuaded mother to go for a visit which took several days. Mother hardly had her back turned until Jean and Sarah arrived with wallpaper, curtain material and rugs. They persuaded father and my brothers to start tearing out a partition, put in new windows, new flooring and start making over the bedroom. Father was always for doing

a job if it was for the betterment of the family, so they all fell in with Jean's idea and made the change.

When mother returned you can imagine her surprise to see her bedroom rebuilt and almost refurnished.

The bedroom looked lovely, and I am sure it was a nicer looking room, but in the rebuilding it did away with the pantry, a place I shall never forget.

Our pantry turned out, on an average, seventeen loaves of bread twice a week. Aside from the bread, there were pies, cakes and puddings. If unexpected company arrived, which was often the case, mother and I were called upon to go to the pantry and make some scones or big white fluffy biscuits. Those were always welcome. Those hot 86 scones or biscuits with her lovely yellow butter just melted in your mouth.

Mother spent a great deal of time in the pantry. One spot I can easily remember was just large enough for a little four-year-old child. It was right near the bake board. I loved to stand in that space and watch mother knead the bread, make pies and such things. When she was kneading the bread, the large luscious raisins would come popping out of the dough. How quickly I could grab one, and how soon it would disappear!

Mother was an artist at making all kinds of cookie boys and girls and bunnies out of fried cake dough. The bunnies had big ears and currants for eyes. Is it any wonder that my heart sank within me when I saw the pantry disappear, under the direction of my sister, Jean!

Jean lived close to the idea of building through the greater part of her life. Her ability for planning and her artistic touch made everything she built desirable, so there was always an incentive to progress along that line.

To prove to her family how practical her building was, she always insisted on living in each one when completed. They would no more than get settled when someone would want that particular building, so that necessitated moving.

Homer, Jean's husband, never knew when Jean was going to announce that she had engaged a contractor to either start a new building or build over an old one. She has been instrumental in 87 building new buildings, remodeling old ones, and combining two or more buildings, all of which resulted in great improvement.

I think the greatest thrill of all of Jean's building operations was when she got permission from the State Highway Department to move three buildings, all from different directions, to one lot. When the town folk saw those buildings all on the go, it nearly resulted in shock to some, for there were those who said it could not be done. However, they all got to the right spot, and when the contractors, painters, paperhangers and yard men completed their jobs, everyone had to admit that it was one of the nicest buildings in town. Jean and her family moved right in. But they were not allowed to enjoy it long, for they were hardly settled until a buyer came along and wanted it.

Jean and Homer bought a hotel. What a wonderful experience this was for Jean! She could see at a glance so many places, if changed, would improve the building so much.

Jean kept on with remodeling the hotel until there was scarcely a room which had not been changed in some way.

The artistic characteristics which Jean possessed must have been inherited through many generations. Her ability was not confined to designing and building. She painted china, had a great appreciation for antiques, and owned some very valuable Oriental rugs.

Mother so often said, “One thing called for another.” Moving into the new house presented the problem of water. There was a small spring very close to the house. The water was clear as crystal and cold, but it was not sufficient to supply the demand. When extra water was needed it was necessary to carry it up the hill from the lake, which was quite laborious.

In a family our size, the wash was large. Mother decided that it would be easier to take the wash to the lake than to carry water up the hill. To simplify matters, she would gather the clothes together and one of the boys, usually John, would take them to the lake.

We had a big iron kettle which held about a half a barrel of water. John would fill the kettle with water from the lake and build a fire under it, and it would only take a short time to get sufficient water boiling to do the entire wash.

There were not the electrical appliances such as we have today. Wooden tubs and washboards were the only conveniences for washing. There were a number of things in favor of doing the wash at the lake. First there was a whole lake 89 full of lovely clean water. There was usually a breeze across the lake which dried the clothes quickly. It took the washing away from the house so that was not cluttered up. This sounds like a very primitive way of doing laundry, but the pioneers had to resort to primitive methods in a great many cases.

Mother made her own soap and lots of it. She always insisted that with a barrel of nice soft soap in the wood shed, there was no excuse for either the house or clothes being dirty.

She used the soft soap for washing and it certainly made the clothes white. As I look back on the laundry days, I really think mother enjoyed them. She liked being out-of-doors, and it was lovely down by the lake. She enjoyed looking out on the water and she liked to be near it, but she did not care about going out on the lake in a boat. I think the long voyage from Scotland, along with the rough and perilous weather, was responsible for her not

wanting to go in the water or even out on it in a boat. In spite of the fact that we always had a boat, she never learned to row.

One or two of my older sisters always helped with the laundry. The smaller ones just tagged along and love it. We gathered pine cones, knots and small branches to keep the fire burning and helped as much as we knew how.

When the clothes were hung on the line to dry, there never could be a doubt in a person's mind 90 as to what brand of flour our family used, where it was purchased or who the millers were. The brand, “Orange Blossom,” was marked so indelibly on so many of our garments it could not help but advertise the merits of the flour and the quantity that the family purchased, for it seemed that most of our lingerie in those days had its trademark. Some of it was made quite elaborate with knit or crochet lace.

The good strong cotton flour sacks served another purpose besides clothing. They were used, four being sewed together, for sheets. Some were made into pillowcases, dish-towels, aprons, and linings for comforters.

After mother got everything picked up and put in order, we were allowed to go in swimming. When the time came for us to go to the house, we were usually tired and willing to go. We had our work done and a nice swim and, to us, it seemed like the end of a perfect day.

The clothes being washed, the next job was the ironing. Pioneers did not have mangles and electric irons. The only kind of iron was the old-fashioned iron one. I still have some of them. I use them for book ends. The marks on them indicate three, four, five, and six pounds.

Ironing necessitated hot fires and hours of standing and walking back and forth from the ironing board to the stove to get a hotter iron, for they did not remain hot very long while ironing.

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In later years the old-fashioned irons were replaced by a new patented one, which were known as “Mrs. Potts irons.” They seemed better. The handle was attached to a cover which fitted over the iron. This kept the iron hot longer and a cloth holder was not required. The handle was made of wood and did not get hot like the iron handle on the old-fashioned irons.

92

THE OLD DOUSER

Father knew that the time would come sooner or later when a well must be dug. The only wells people had during pioneer days were the ones dug by hand. There were no machines to drill wells, such as we have today. Digging a well was expensive and very hard work. Those digging a well wanted to be pretty certain of having it in the proper location for practical use and also that there was water when they had gone a certain distance.

While father was considering digging a well, he could not decide where the most likely spot would be where he could find water. As luck would have it, an old douser with his divining rod happened along. Of course the conversation drifted to well digging and my father told him he was considering digging a well. The old man asked him if he had decided where he was going to dig. Father showed him the place he thought would be the most logical spot, as a well in that particular location would be handy to the house. The old man claimed that he had bee very successful in locating water and would like my father to let him see what he could do. Father was rather 93 skeptical as to old man's ability to find water but the old man talked so convincingly that father decided to give him a trial.

The old douser with his divining rod, which was a forked branch, walked back and forth covering every part of the ground for some distance. There seemed to be a good deal of ceremony connected with the work, but he finally claimed that he had found the exact

location for the well. Father still could not get over the fact that it was a sort of hoax, but decided he would take the old man's word for it. He marked the spot, father paid him his fee, and he went on his way to try to find another person who was trying to solve a water problem.

It was not long until father started to dig the well. Down deep in his mind he was very anxious to know if the old man knew what he was talking about. While father did not care to feel that he had been at all gullible, there still seemed to be a lingering doubt about the whole affair and he found himself almost admitting that seeing was believing.

However, as the digging progressed, the well was carefully boxed in with heavy planking to prevent it from caving in. He had not gone town more than twenty feet when the water began to filter in and proved to be sufficient to answer all purposes. While father had not taken much stock in the old man with the divining rod, he finally 94 had to admit that the old man knew something about locating water.

When the well was finished and all boxed in, a windlass was built and the lovely cold, clear water was drawn up in a bucket.

The well served a double purposes. When water was not being drawn up, there was a tight wooden cover which fitted over the opening into the well to keep anything from getting into it. With this arrangement, mother saw where she could use the well for storing food and keeping it cool, especially in summer. She had pails which she used for butter, meat and other articles which required a cool place. She tried ropes to the pails and hung them in the well. This was a wonderful idea. The well was to us in those days what refrigerators are today, only it involved more work in getting things in and out.

The new well also solved the problem of water for doing the laundry. Mother did not have to go to the lake any more to do the washing. While it made it much easier for mother, we youngsters really missed the fun at the lake while the washing was being done.

95

THE OLD PROFESSOR

Changes must come, and event seemed to be shaping along another course. The schools were springing up through the country, but not near enough to our home so my older sisters and brother could take as much advantage of them as father wished.

A ex-professor and Civil War veteran heard about this land of opportunity, and come from Connecticut to find what it was all about. His name was Levelette.

Levelette was a person who weighed things very carefully before making up his mind. He could see the possibilities of this country, as did my father. He, being a professor, recognized the great advantage of the chain of lakes and rivers leading out to the Atlantic Ocean. He visioned one of the greatest waterways in the world starting right from his own pier. He lost no time in sending a letter to Lorain, his wife, explaining the location of the property, the forest, and beauty in general. He thought they would be very happy. Knowing that they were going to be our close neighbors, we waited very anxiously to great Lorain. She finally arrived. Lorain was tall, very 96 slender and not at all pliable, with thin lips and hair as white as the drifting snow.

They set about building their little home. When their house was completed they sent for their household goods. Everyone thought it was quite attractive, for their furniture was quite distinctive, especially for a pioneer neighborhood.

Father thought here was an opportunity for the older boys ad girls to avail themselves of a higher education. Father talked with Levelette and it was agreed that he would tutor the older boys and girls in the higher branches of study a certain number of nights a week. Along with other branches of learning, Levelette had quite an understanding of music. He worked out a very satisfactory course of study.

Each night when he had classes, as a reward for good behavior and carefully prepared lessons, he allowed so much time to be spent playing the organ and singing.

One particular evening when they surrounded the organ to start singing, they spied moss from the wood almost entirely covering his bald head. He looked so funny it was almost more than jolly youngsters could endure, for they knew he was not conscious of its being there. They suffered through the singing and tried to be polite, but in spite of all good training they could not keep the laughter back.

In our family, from the oldest to the youngest there were always tasks to perform. I was small 97 but there were things I could do. One of my jobs was to hold the skeins of yarn for mother to wind into balls. One other chore was to take the mail and milk down to Lorain and Levelette. My older sisters, Christine, Elizabeth and Evelyn would get their mail at the post office and bring it home. Mother then tied it very carefully and I went on my mission of delivering the mail and milk. I did not like Lorain or Levelette very well, but I liked Lorain the least. She never wanted me to come into the house. When I would hand her the milk and mail, she would say, in that stinging, caustic voice, “Don't come in here! Don't come in here and get my floors all dirty!” She always repeated her command the second time so I would be sure to understand. Imagine placing such value on floors! She would empty the pail and hand it to me, and I would run home as fast as my feet could carry me. I have forgiven Lorain for not letting me go in the house. I do not think, as I look back, that there ever could have been cleaner, whiter floors. But why shouldn't they be white! They had no children and had never known the joy of children running in and out the house.

Lorain and Levelette, who had come from the East, could not become accustomed to pioneering. As time went by, they were quite unhappy. For a long time, whenever they met father they would ask him buying their property so that they might be able to return to Connecticut.

Their property joined ours, so finally father decided to buy it. It was a very valuable piece of property on account of the rock maple, beech and other varieties of timber.

After father purchased the property, Lorain and Levelette turned their backs on pioneering, went back to the East from whence they came, and never returned.

99

THE INDIANS

The Indians played quite an important part in the settlement of this section of the country. Having procured their living for so many generations in such a hard way, they were resourceful. They were born hunters and fishermen. They observed the changes of the moon and the effect it would have on the weather. It seemed uncanny the way they would look at the sun and the moon and the direction of the wind and then decide on the time to go hunting and fishing. They seemed to know when the birds and woods animals would be stirring. If they thought the wind was not in the right direction for fishing, there was not a canoe launched.

Indians were wonderful guides. They were strong and had traversed the country so much they were familiar with every lake, river and fish bed. They lived close to nature and had studied the habits of game until they knew the season, when and where animals would be feeding and the trails to the lake where they went to drink. If it were stormy, they knew the game would be in the swamps and thickets. The birds also kept in sheltered places. The Indians knew which kind of 100 berries the birds and animals fed on, and where such food could be found. In guiding, all this information was valuable.

During earlier days, the tourists visiting this locality depended on the Indians almost entirely for guides. They found them pretty trustworthy and interesting and enjoyed associating with them. As they learned to talk the white man's language, they were able

to impart much valuable information as well as interesting tales in connection with the country, their mode of living and morals.

Basket making was an art and a business and they were very reluctant to give out any information regarding it. Birch and as were the principal woods used in making baskets. The Indians roamed the woods, collecting suitable material for baskets. They, of course, encroached on private property, but no one ever objected. They used the small trees, and the owners liked to keep on friendly terms with them so nothing was ever said which would lead to hard feelings.

The most artistic baskets were made from the birch bark, sweet grass and porcupine quills. They dyed the porcupine quills the most brilliant colors. They never told what they used for dye or where they found the sweet grass. I have tried all my life to find out where they got the sweet grass, but to this day I have never been able to obtain that information. It was amazing, the artistic ability they displayed in combining different colors and woods.

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There were a number of different designs of baskets made to stand hard wear. These were clothes baskets, hampers, lunch and shopping baskets, bassinets, work baskets, and heavy baskets to hold wood. The squaws spent their winters making up a supply for summer sales.

In years gone by, there were stores in Petoskey, Harbor Springs, Charlevoix, and Mackinac Island which handled nothing but baskets, moccasins and other Indian trinkets.

Scarcely anyone visiting the north returned to their homes without a collection of baskets and trinkets to be given to their friends as souvenirs.

The Indians were good neighbors. If you were kind to them and extended any favors, they never forgot them.

The Indians in this locality were nearly all Catholics, having been converted to this faith through the early missionaries. There were some Protestants, but not nearly as many as Catholics. If an Indian was converted, he remained very loyal to his church.

There has never been any distinction made in the schools. The Indian children have always had the same privileges and advantages as the white children.

There has been very little mixing of the different races. Occasionally they have intermarried, but those cases have been comparatively few.

A family of Indians lived across the lake from us and the mother sometimes came to our house. If 102 mother had food she could spare, she often gave this Indian some. The mother Indian seemed to like and appreciate mother's cooking, and at times sent one of the little boys with a note, which usually read about the same, “Please, would you send us something to eat! Meat and more meat. Signed Mrs. S.”

This Indian mother had quite a few children and one or two of them had attended an Indian school. We always knew the mother dictated the letter and one of the children wrote it.

My husband and I had business dealings with an old Indian chief so we became quite well acquainted. One day the old chief stopped at our place. He wanted to know where my husband was. I told him he was suffering from a very severe headache. He did not say he was sorry or hoped he would soon feel better. I asked him what the Indians did for that sickness. He looked at me for a minute and then prescribed this treatment, “Take a sharp knife and cut his wrist, let it bleed about a pint, then wrap it up and his headache will be better. Too much blood,” he said. I listened to him, but did not carry out his orders. The old chief started failing shortly after this visit and I never saw him again.

The property which my father acquired from our Connecticut neighbors had a long shore line and the forest contained a lot of rock maple trees. The Indians while traveling from one place to another had camped along the shore and seemed familiar 103 with it. They told

father how he could make maple syrup and sugar from the rock maple trees. This sounded very interesting and almost like a fairy tale to father. This was something he had never seen done. He thought, however, that some time he might try this thing of turning sap into sugar and syrup.

The Indians in this locality were not of the savage tribes. They were mostly Ottawas in our particular vicinity and were very friendly, congenial people.

One of my sisters had beautiful copper-colored hair, just like my paternal grandmother's. While the Indians and chief were visiting with father, Jess came running into the house. The old chief was fascinated with her. He talked to her and about her. He even tried to bargain with mother and father to let his tribe have her. He promised that if his tribe could have her, they would make her an Indian princess. Could you imagine giving a beautiful girl to a tribe of Indians! No, with a family crest, that could never have been allowed. Even though such a bargain could not be made, mother kept very close vigil of her. The Indians respected the love and devotion for this little girl, and never molested or in any way tried to spirit her away.

Mother never lacked for baskets. She was kind to the Indians and they appreciated it, and showed their appreciation by giving her lovely baskets and trinkets.

Dave and Jean enjoyed playing in the woods. After the Indians had called at the house a few times, Dave conceived the idea of pretending that every mound was an Indian grave. There were hundreds of them throughout the woods, which gave their imagination plenty of room to work. This idea worked fine until it commenced to get a little dark, then they would come home as fast as they could run. The game did not affect Dave much, but quite often mother had quite a time to get Jean quieted down. She imagined that there was an Indian brave right behind her, ready to scalp her or carry her away. She was sure they would wreak vengeance of some kind or other after playing on their graves.

Some of our most popular highways have been built along the old trails which the Indians used. They seemed to follow the idea that a trail should be the shortest distance between two places, as their traveling was done entirely by foot.

105

MAPLE SYRUP

The idea of making maple syrup and sugar seemed to filter more deeply into father's mind. With living expenses high, it seemed quite worth while experimenting with, even though there would be only enough for the family.

I have often heard mother say to my sister, when considering making a cake, “I would use the brown sugar. It is not quite as expensive as the granulated.” You see, there was always that desire to save whenever it could possibly be done.

Father followed the advice of the old Indian chief. Troughs were hewn out of birch blocks and slightly charred so they would not leak. Spouts were whittled from branches of the basswood trees. He purchased a big iron kettle, which held about fifty gallons of sap. We had our faithful oxen, Tom and Charley, to help gather the sap. The following spring he was ready to launch out into the maple syrup business.

What a boon this was to a family of thirteen. The sap was gathered from the troughs and Tom and Charley hauled it to the big kettle where it was boiled down to a rich syrup. It required fifty gallons of sap for a gallon of syrup. What delicious 106 syrup! The taste still lingers with me. When I think of our family, and that rich golden syrup with griddle cakes for breakfast, it brings back memories which could never be forgotten.

There were other advantages in the maple syrup project. There were the by-products. Out of the syrup could be made sugar, which with sufficient stirring could be made almost as white as granulated sugar. This was fine for either cooking or table use. It could also be

made into cakes of sugar, which took the place of candy. It was attractive when molded in the old-fashioned iron muffin molds.

After the buds commenced to come out on the trees, the sap did not make such good syrup. Instead of making the sap from the last run into syrup, it was stored in barrels and made a very nice grade of vinegar.

I cannot finish this part of my story without relating the experience we had in making maple syrup taffy. Before the snow melted away in the sugar bush, we would invite the neighbors, old and young, for a sugaring-off. Mother would boil the syrup down until it would “hair and snap.” She had large pans of snow ready and spread the syrup on the snow. It would then harden and could be eaten with a fork or spoon or could be pulled as any other taffy. This was a feature of the syrup making that was enjoyed by the whole community, for we held open house on this occasion.

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I shall mentiion here the price of this delicious maple syrup as compared with today's ceiling prices. Gallons of maple syrup were sold for seventy-five cents to $1.25 per gallon as compared to $8.00 at the present day prices. People in the early days were not fussy about the containers either. It was usually stored in jugs or glass jars. It kept well in either. If families were large, some liked it in earthen crocks. Any kind of container was satisfactory in our family for the syrup never lasted long enough to spoil.

108

THE FIRST WEDDING

Our family became quite grown. At some time or other children have a desire to sever the home ties and establish homes of their own. This seemed to be what some of the older ones in our family were considering.

My sister Isabella had grown to be a very charming young lady, both in looks and manners. She was short like mother and favored mothers's side of the family. She had dark hair and blue eyes. A good deal of attention was shown her by young men, but she had her ideals and did not intend to be won by the first ones who showed her a good time.

A young man who had been attending college in Southern Michigan, and his widowed mother, having heard of the opportunities in the north, were lured here the same as many others had been. Joseph (Joe) had nice manners and was a very handsome young man. His family also had a family crest, although they were of English descent. Joe was attracted by Bell's charms and lost no time in wooing her. They had not known each other very long when Joe declared his intention of making Isabella his wife. This seemed to be 109 very satisfactory with my parents, as they also were very fond of Joseph.

There was a family wedding with much joy and happiness. With the blessing of father and mother, they left our home to establish one of their own. Bell and Joe had a good deal of the pioneering spirit. He had acquired property in a neighborhood which was composed mostly of young people whose interests were along the same line as theirs, and here they started life's journey together.

My oldest sister had not been married very long until David met a young lady. Her name was Blanche. She had charms which Dave readily recognized and he became very much enamored with her. As the weeks went by he became more fond of her. Months passed and they decided that their romance was such that they were fully satisfied that they could live very happily together. They were married at the bride's home and went to live in a little new home which Dave had ready for housekeeping.

Blanche was welcomed into the and a mutual friendship was established which has continued all through our lives. I was only three years old when Dave was married. My new sister seemed to take to me at once. She enjoyed having me stay with her and she entertained me by telling me stories and making paper dolls. She dressed the dolls in

every style that could be imagined. There were play dresses, work dresses, 110 party dresses, coats, hats, and all sorts of underwear to go with the different outfits. She made houses and furnished them. In fact, she seemed to think of more things for entertainment than any other person could ever have thought of. During the early part or their marriage it seemed a little difficult for Dave to really accept all the responsibilities of a married man. He loved to stop and eat with the family and bear the incidents of the day discussed. Mother, always looking on the just side of things, told Dave that it was not right for him to come and not bring Blanche. She insisted that when he was coming for a meal he must bring Blanche with him. This plan worked out fine and Dave and Blanche ate many meals with the family.

Blanche was very fond of flowers. Dave, having worked in the garden with mother, learned to appreciate flowers, so it was not considered a difficult task to cultivate them in his own yard. Their little house was almost hidden from sight with hollyhocks, roses and poppies. Blanche was particularly fond of poppies. She called the poppies “painted ladies.” They were so delicate and beautiful and such a riot of color. They came up each year from their own seeding. The seed was wafted over the fields until you could see them nodding their heads long before you reached the house.

By the time I had reached the age of five years, the babies were beginning to arrive. How I loved 111 those babies! They were more fascinating than the paper dolls had been. Anyway, Blanche could not spend her time playing with me and paper dolls. She was kept busy with the babies.

In the early days when a baby was expected, it was customary for the expectant mother to engage a maid, or rather a hired girl, usually paying them all the way from a dollar and a half to two dollars a week. I think Blanche paid her girls one dollar and a half a week. Once when they were expecting an addition to the family, she engaged a girl whose name was Nina. She was quite efficient. She knew how to play with children, wash the dishes, help to get the meals, go to the post office and do other errands. Blanche had some letters

which she was very anxious to have mailed, so she sent Nina to our house with the letters so we could take them to the post office. Mother noticed that Nina was suffering from chilled feet, so she told her to take her shoes off and warm her feet before returning. This was one time when mother was surprised. When Nina took her shoes off, there were scarcely any feet in her stockings. Mother asked her why she started out on such a cold morning with her stockings in such a condition. Her reply was that she went to pour a cup of coffee for Mr. H.’s breakfast and split it on her feet and burned the feet almost out of her stockings. Mother looked at her, but all she could do was to advise her to put new feet in her stockings 112 or she certainly would freeze her feet. I never could understand how Nina could look into mother's face and tell her such a tale. None of us would ever have been able to do it.

Baby Jean finally arrived. Mother went each day to bathe her, see that things were attended to and to help Nina plan the work.

It was not long until Blanche let Nina go for she felt that she really could hardly afford to keep her any longer. When Nina left, I was almost as much a member of their household as of my own. In fact I think there was a slight feeling of jealousy on the part of my mother.

One time when I spent a much longer period at Dave's than thought I should, she asked me how I would like to go there and have that for my home. That presented quite a problem to me. While I loved to go to my brother's home, I also loved mother and father and the rest of the family. It seemed, however, to give me something for grave consideration, but down in my heart I felt I had better make my own home my choice.

However, I spent a good deal of time at my brother's helping to amuse the children. As I grew older and my school work could not be neglected, I was obliged to limit my visits to Saturday.

The following poem was composed by my nephew Sidney for the golden wedding of David and Blanche:

113

Whence came this gold that shines today To grace and mark this wedding gay? How came it here, what turn of fate Has brought us to this happy state?

Gold isn't made like iron or clay, To rust or tarnish or wash away, And so to you again we say: Whence came this gold that shines today?

Ah, the secret's out! We've tested and tried it. We've poked and prodded and looked inside it. We've analyzed and philosophized. And now we know what it's all about. This gold we find is what's left to stay After all of the dross has been washed away.

Into the cauldron of life there went A mixture of work and sweet content, With just enough of sadness and tears To polish it up for these happier years; Then fun and laughter and joy and play These made up the gold we find today.

Just as you see in the story told, Time turns the years and deeds to gold, But our analysis shows it is equally true That time turns this gold to diamonds for you.

114

SAPPHO

Jim recovered from malaria, but never seemed to have the robust nature that some of the other members of the family possessed. He loved to hunt, but, it seemed, more to commune with nature than to kill. He carried his gun and took his setter, Curley, but the game was always left in the woods. He loved to see the bear, deer, rabbits, birds and other wild life in their natural habitat. Once when he was roaming through the woods he ran on to a young fawn. He waited and watched to see if the mother was coming to claim

it. After being convinced that it was deserted, he gathered it up in his arms and carried it home.

How delighted we were with this new pet. We fitted up a child's nursing bottle, filled it with warm milk, and how readily she devoured the contents! The special formula seemed to agree with her perfectly for she grew and seemed as contented as any other fawn. She was such a beautiful little animal we named her Sappho. She learned her name. When we called her she would come the same as any other well-trained pet. Sappho was a very affectionate little animal and learned quite a few tricks. If you asked her to kiss you, she would give your cheek the lightest 115 little touch with her tongue, you could hardly feel it, but she had given you a kiss just the same.

Sappho liked to chew gum. We had the habit of sticking our gum underneath the table when we were called to our meals. She soon discovered this and would hunt until she found some, then nibble and nibble until she had some gum to chew.

It was fun to watch Sappho, Curley, and the old blue tabby cat and kittens eating out of the same pan. They were as well behaved and congenial as though they were one family.

Sappho did not like rainy days. The minute a drop of rain touched her, she would run for the house. Her favorite place was behind the kitchen stove, where she could keep warm. She would stand or lie there, as contended as any domestic pet, and chew her cud.

One of the things she liked to do after eating was to go into the corn field and run between the rows of corn. We always though she imagined she was in a forest. After she had had this exercise, she would return to the house for a rest.

One day Sappho disappeared. All hands laid off to look for her. We hunted every place we thought she could possibly be. Night came and no Sappho. We decided that she must have gone to the woods to join other members of her family. How heartbroken we were when she did not return! The following morning we started on another searching

expedition to see if we could not locate her. Mother heard a pitiful little cry 116 which she thought might be Sappho. She followed the sound and finally found our precious little pet caught in the picket fence. Her sides were quite badly chafed and bleeding from the struggle she had in trying to free herself.

Mother called my brothers and they came, loosened the pickets and released her. They carried her home. Mother, who was so accustomed to binding up wounds, bathed and dressed her sides. The wounds healed beautifully but left a small scar on each side.

One day, mother had guests invited to tea. Elizabeth had gone to great pains arranging the table. She put on a white linen tablecloth, a bouquet of flowers in the center, the old Chelsea china which had been brought from Scotland by my grandmother. Dessert dishes were filled with large frosty-looking raspberries. Elizabeth thought that the table looked perfect. Mother came in to give the table the final touch, and noticed the dessert dishes were all empty. She thought Elizabeth had forgotten to put the fruit in them. Upon investigation, she found Sappho had beaten the guests to the table and had eaten up all the fruit. Sappho had not been taught a great deal regarding table manners so we could hardly blame her for taking such liberties.

In summer, Bunch and I rowed the boat across the lake to school. Sappho did not like the idea of her pals being gone all day. She would follow us to the lake and watch us get into the boat. We 117 would hardly leave the dock until she would start swimming after us. She would swim across the lake, a distance of about a half mile, stay around the schoolhouse for a while, and then swim back home. This was a worry to mother for she was always afraid Sappho might try to jump into the boat and upset it.

Sappho kept growing, as all normal animals do, and by fall she was quite grown up. She developed a bad habit which was a worry to all of us. If she was outdoors and became cold or frightened, she would come running to the house. If the doors were closed so that she could not get in, she would jump through the windows. With this bad fault of Sappho's

we were facing a problem we did not know how to solve. Father replaced several windows, but decided that was to much of a drain on the family budget. There was no way of getting around it; we had to face facts.

We could not consider taking Sappho's life. Some might think that she would make fine eating, but not any of us. She had become so much a part of the family, we did not know what to do.

We did not feel, after shielding her from all wild life, that it would be fair to turn her into the forests in the fall of the year to forage for herself.

After discussing the subject from every angle, we decided to draw cuts. She was either to go to the woods and hunt up some of her own family and revert to wild life, or go to a park in the city.

We drew cuts, and that meant that Sappho was 118 to go to the city. Jim then made arrangements for her to go to Grand Rapids, his former home. She was given a home in the park, where she could see children, and be fed and loved the same as she had been in our home. When the time came for Sappho to leave for her new abode, it was really a day of mourning in our family. We had become so attached to her it was like giving a member of the family away, but we all agreed it was the only decision to be made.

Jim was extremely fond of all animals, particularly his hunting dog, Curley, and his driving horse, Loretta. Loretta was a Hamiltonian, raised on my uncle's farm, famous for racing and driving horses. Jim drove her almost entirely. Father would sometimes take her for a trip, but they both agreed that she was too spirited for us girls to drive. I sometimes drove her, but it was when Jim was with me.

Jim liked to see Loretta look nice. He bought her a tan harness with shiny buckles, blankets, fly net, along with a little yellow rubber-tired buggy. This turnout was lovely. Any fellow could feel proud of it. In the winter, he had a cutter with springs and bright tinkling

bells. It was a joy to go skimming over the roads with Jim. He never lacked for company for the girls all knew him and appreciated being invited to go places. Jim never married. He liked all the girls too well to settle down with one. Loretta had been trained in pacing, and she made good use of her training when she got out on a good road.

119

A VISIT TO BELLES'S

When we were children, the school in our community did not always have long terms. There would be about three months during the coldest period that they were closed. That gave the children quite a good deal of leisure time. During this vacation I often visited my sister, Isabella, and her family. There was a difference of about two years in the age of her oldest son and myself. Sidney and I were the closest of pals. We liked to do the same things and especially enjoyed outdoor play.

The children had lots of games, good reading and a great deal of respect for each other. While Joseph enjoyed fun, he did not like a lot of noise and confusion and would never tolerate jangling and quarreling either among his own children or the neighbors' children. He fully appreciated that children should have good wholesome fun, but in a dignified way.

I have been in their home when ten to twelve children would be playing different games. As long as they were all playing quietly and no cheating, there was not a word said. If disputes arose or the children were talking a little loud, Joe 120 would step over to the offending ones. In his quiet, nice way he would say, "Children, I think you have been playing that game long enough." That meant there would be no more playing for those children. Whatever game it might be, it was discontinued at once. It made no difference whose child it was. That discipline was meant for all of them.

The children all had a great deal of respect for Joe, and there were no hard feelings or grudges, no threatening or punishment. He considered that the deprivation of the fun they were having was sufficient, and it seemed to have the desired effect.

There were a number of children in the neighborhood about my age, and it was never too cold for us to enjoy playing outside. Nearly every evening there was some kind of entertainment. We enjoyed coasting and skating about as much as any sport.

There were a great many hills in this particular locality, so this gave us an opportunity to have a lot of fun coasting. Nearly all the boys in the neighborhood owned a bobsled, which held from eight to ten children. There was a continuation of hills which allowed us to coast downhill. The boys would haul she sleds to the top of the next one, and down we would go again. There was a distance of about three miles we could coast without going over the territory the second time. Oftentimes a crust would form on the snow. This was 121 exceptionally fine for coasting for there was no limit to the distance we could go on the crust, and, of course, there was nothing in the way to obstruct our going.

When we had about reached the point of exhaustion, we would all go to some friend's house, where there would be a lovely lunch prepared by the parents. After three or four hours out in the open, with lots of exercise, a lunch was a welcome sight to a lot of hungry youngsters.

A place we especially like to go was to Dave and Julia Moose's house. They lived in a log cabin which had a cellar. They stored their russet apples down there, and at this time for year they were just getting right to eat. What delicious apples, and all you wanted! Along with the apples there was always a big shining dishpan filled with the whitest popcorn, so light it seemed almost alive. While the corn was still hot, Julia poured melted butter over it; when she had finished with probably about a pound of butter, it looked like a trimming of gold. Was it any wonder we liked to go to that friend's house!

In this community birthdays were an occasion for celebration. The neighbors all liked to have these picnics at Belle and Joe's place for there was a beautiful grove of maple trees which shaded the tables and made a delightful place to eat. I loved to be there in the summer when these parties were going on.

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I have never seen or tasted so many varieties of cakes or more delicious food than that which was furnished on these occasions. The mothers in the community were all good cooks, and each one seemed to try to outdo the others with different varieties of food.

There was always a Fourth of July picnic held in the grove. You should have seen the baskets of fried chicken, rolls, slaw, sandwiches, cakes, ice cream, lemonade of every hue, coffee, tea, milk for the little fellows who were not old enough to partake of the beverages the older ones enjoyed.

The Fourth of July picnics were such grand celebrations that everybody in the neighborhood shut up shop and had a good time. The youngsters always managed to sneak in some firecrackers to add a little excitement to the occasion. Once in a while they would set their clothes on fire or get burned a little; but with so many there it never proved serious, and the thrill overbalanced any harm done.

I have never known a community that shared as mutually and equally in the joys and sorrows of life as those people did. If there was a birth, the whole neighborhood rejoiced. If a death occurred, all were saddened. If any of the children erred, there was no offense if the parents of other children corrected them. It was mutually understood by the parents that it was for the benefit of the one who was being corrected or advised.

123

On one occasion when I was visiting Belle and Joe, they were called to an old neighbor's house, where the old grandpa was very ill. Sidney and I were left to look after the younger children. It was getting late and the children commenced to feel hungry, so Sidney and I

got the bread out and started to prepare lunch. The children were all very patient except Ralph. We were not hurrying lunch as fast as he wished and he became quite belligerent. He was determined to eat before we had the food all prepared. We planned to have toast and jelly, and of course it took some time to get enough bread toasted for the crowd. We tried to reason with him, but with no success. He became so unruly we locked him in the pantry. He still persisted in being naughty. Fearing something might happen to the heirlooms, which were mostly glass, we let him out. He still would not conform to rule or reason. We decided there was one more method of punishment, so we got the hammer and nails and held him down on the floor and nailed his clothes to the floor. We decided that if Ralph never again did what we wanted him to do, this was one time when we had him where he could not help himself.

The old grandpa passed the crisis of the illness, and Belle and Joe came home and took over. They were able to manage affairs more efficiently than we.

Ralph seemed to be the one in the family who needed disciplining the most. He was a friendly 124 little fellow, and that was the very thing that got him into a good deal of trouble. He got into the habit of going to the neighbors and staying much longer than he should. When his mother thought it was time for him to come home, she would send one of the other boys after him. One time, when he went to one of the neighbors for a visit, she didn't send any of the boys after him and he stayed all night. The following morning he came home of his own accord. His mother asked him what was the matter. He said, “Nothing.” She told him to any boy who could not come home must have something wrong with him. She told him that he must go to bed and take some medicine. She gave him some worm medicine. Nothing could have been more bitter. The medicine was given in doses, as directed, until late in the afternoon. Ralph's brother, felt so bad about Ralph's imaginary illness that he tried to intercede for him, but his mother turned a deaf ear to the pleading. Ralph begged and promised so faithfully that he would never go away again without his mother's permission that she finally let him get up and dress. This treatment

was rather hard on Belle but the medicine had its effect for it cured Ralph of going away and staying without first getting his mother's consent.

I spent quite a good deal of time with Belle and Joe and I shall relate another incident which took place once when I was there. Mr. Sylvester was their nearest neighbor. He was a tall, angular, 125 gray-haired man, of English birth, with mutton-chop whiskers. He was a fine neighbor and held in very high esteem by Belle and Joe. The day following Hallowe'en we looked out and saw Mr. Sylvester plodding up the road. That was not unusual for he was a frequent visitor. Joe met him at the door. He said, “Joseph, I believe those boys of yours were out Hallowe'ening last night.” Joe asked him what had happened. He said, “You know had a lot of pumpkins hauled up by the house; this morning I found them all rolled down the hill.” “You think my boys did that?” Joe asked. Mr. Sylvester replied, “Yes, I think they did.” Joe assured him that when the boys came home from school he would find out about the pumpkins.

It was not very long until the boys came in, laughing and playing as usual. Their father asked them if they knew anything about Mr. Sylvester's pumpkins. They did, and they never could have denied it. Their father knew when they had been into mischief. He said, “Boys, it was a lot of fun rolling the pumpkins down the hill, wasn't it? Now you boys go down to Mr. Sylvester's, roll them up the hill and put them right where you found them.” The boys put them all back, but they could not find where there was much fun in doing it. The boys spent many Hallowe'ens as neighbors of Mr. Sylvester, but they never rolled his pumpkins down the hill again.

During the time Belle's boys were growing up, manual training was not being taught in the schools. In their school district, I think the only place it was being put into use was in Belle's kitchen. I have been there at times, especially during cold weather, when one boy was working on a bobsled, another fixing a harness for the dog, one filing his skates,

someone else mending a kite. With all of this going on, some of the boys' friends were likely to be there.

Belle was like mother, she preferred having her children at home. She knew where they were and what they were doing, so the work was carried on periodically during the winter. I did not object to the boys doing the things that would bring them any pleasure, but to go through such activity was enough to upset the poise of any ordinary person.

The boys, however, all grew up and have homes and families of their own.

Sidney is a business man in Chicago. Each year, he and his wife, Polly, make a trip back to the old home, where his youngest brother now lives. He visits the old neighbors, not many left, and the haunts of his boyhood days.

There is always a hearty welcome at our house. The companionship we enjoyed in our childhood has been an enduring one; there is the same thrill at meeting as there was when we were children.

127

RAG PEDDLERS

During pioneer days a great many people traveled through the country by foot. Our place seemed to be as Tom Foss said, "the house by the side of the road."

There was scarcely a day when a peddler, agent or tramp, as some were called, did not stop to ask for lodging or something to eat. Mother never turned anyone away. Her alibi was, "Maybe one of my boys might be hungry some time and will need a place to stay or something to eat." I know that she never, down in her heart, expected any of my brothers to be begging for food, but that made no difference—the wayfarer was always allowed to stay, enjoyed our hospitality just as much as though he were one of the family. No one ever seemed to be afraid that we would be held up; maybe they did not think we had

enough to take such a daring risk. Those who were befriended left feeling as though it had been a privilege to be able to have the shelter and food.

One of the gala days for us youngsters was when a rag peddler arrived. His wares were always a great attraction to us. We could see more things of interest on his wagons than we would 128 ever dream of finding in a Woolworth or Kresge store today.

The rag peddlers, as we called them, were a peculiar class. Their old wagons always looked as though a wheel would drop off almost any minute. They had the crudest covers to protect their wares from the weather. The old horses they drove usually had the heaves and were so lame the poor things could hardly start again if they stopped, and so poor the bones almost stuck through their skin. The harness was always too big and tied together with rope. The old peddlers always had whiskers, hair unkempt, and were very thin like their horses.

In the old covered wagon there were nails, pegs and shelves. Every inch of space was taken up with some article or other. The stock consisted of thread, poor quality of yarn, needles, pins, buttons, cheap toweling, calico, highly perfumed soap, cheap socks and stockings and all kinds of tinware. In summer he had an assortment of cheap straw hats for women and men. Is it any wonder youngsters in the country looked forward to seeing the peddlers!

In nearly every house there were bags which were called rag bags. As different articles of wearing apparel reached the stage where they were beyond repair or entirely outgrown, they were put into the rag bag and saved for the rag peddler. I am quite sure there were articles gathered and tucked into the rag bag which could 129 have been worn for a while, but there was always a thought of all the new merchandise which could be obtained if there were lots of rags when the rag peddler came.

We used the attic of the woodshed for storing our rags. I had been some little time since a peddler had called so there was quite an accumulation of rags. One day just before the

spring house cleaning we saw an old peddler coming up the road. We decided here was the chance to get the attic cleared up. The only way the attic could be reached was with a ladder and through a small opening in the ceiling. My little niece, Christine, could get up into the attic if we gave her a boost. We got Christine into the attic and she sorted out the rags. We took them out to the peddler's wagon, and found that he was a pretty shrewd old peddler and rather difficult to bargain with, so it took longer than usual to get a settlement, and much longer to select the merchandise we thought would be the most useful. We finally finished the deal and took our valuable articles into the house. We never received any money from a peddler; it was all barter and trade, which made it all the harder, for no one wanted to feel that the peddler was putting anything over on them.

Upon reaching the house, we heard Christine calling at the top of her voice for us to get her down from the attic. She enjoyed looking over the peddler's stock as well as we did and she informed us that it was the last time we would ever 130 get her into the attic to hunt up rags for an old rag peddler. I believe that was the last time a peddler of that kind ever stopped, so Christine never had to climb up into the attic again to hunt rags.

However, we missed the old peddlers with their wares, for they had things that you never thought of looking for when you went to town to shop. I think their idea of salesmanship was quite in advance of the times. They brought their merchandise right to your door, and their sales talks were convincing. If you did not get the things you needed, it was your own fault, and it was pretty hard to get rid of them without buying.

131

THE CIRCUS

Every season brought its problems. Wire screens were not in use during the early days. Instead of the screens we have today, mosquito netting was popular. Every spring when the house cleaning was finished, new mosquito netting was tacked on all the window frames to keep flies, mosquitoes and other insects out when the windows were open. A

frame similar to the screen doors of today was made for all the doors and new mosquito netting, usually two ply, was tacked on them. The mosquito netting was not as practical as our wire screens and had to be replenished every year, but it, like many other crude articles, served the purpose.

Quite frequently, before the time came for putting on the new netting, we would have several days of warm weather, when we enjoyed sitting outdoors in the evening. The mosquitoes seemed to sense there was good feeding around our place, and how they would swarm there the minute anyone sat down. The only way we could enjoy sitting outside was by building a smudge. The smoke from the smudge made it a little disagreeable, but it drove the torturing insects away.

About this time of the year the evenings were long and very quiet. If people were out on the lake, their voices seemed to carry so you could hear every word they said. It was amusing to hear the different conversations. We often mentioned to our friends that we knew they were out for a boat ride for we heard them talking. This usually got them to wondering what they had been talking about.

There was a certain place near our home where there was an echo. We thought it was a lot of fun to repeat something and have those words reflect back to us.

There was so little in our younger lives for entertainment that anything out of the ordinary was welcome. We did not have tree sitting and dance marathons to compete with. We likely could not have had the time or patience with either for any of us to win a prize for either accomplishment. In fact, it was up to each family to get their pleasure out of the things at hand.

The “day of all days” was when the pioneers could look forward to Barnum and Bailey or Ringling Bros. circus coming to town.

At the first inkling people had that a circus was coming, everyone for miles around started planning on how they were going to get to the circus. People living some distance away would have to drive nearly all night to get to town in time for the parade, for, of course, that was something no one wanted to miss.

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The old calliope with its dazzling colors and music foretold what wonders could be seen at the Big Show. Who could resist seeing the animals, snakes, fat lady and some of the side shows which were a little risque, but added spice for some.

Mother and father never went to the circus. They seemed to have reached the age where such extravagant entertainment did not appeal to them, out my brothers and sisters never turned their backs on a good circus.

By the time I had reached the age where I could understand what a circus was all about, Jean and her husband had purchased a new home on contract. Homer was working for the *Petoskey Record* . The owner of the paper, being very fond of him, had raised his wages to nine dollars a week and, of course, this meant an advancement in his position. It was customary for the manager of the circus to give the publishers of the papers where advertising was done a number of free tickets to the circus. Homer always received some for his friends. I was one who usually got a ticket. As their new house was large enough so I could spend a few days with them, Jean usually managed to see that I got to the circus. For days before the circus I was so excited that I could not sleep nights, and after I had seen such wonderful sights, I could not sleep, so really a circus was quite my undoing. The wonders were out of this world to me. I never cared much for the clowns, but the beautiful ladies performing on the trapeze 134 and the white horses with their gaudily dressed riders held me spellbound. As I now look back and think of the planning people had to do to get to a circus, I marvel at their courage—and all for a change and a little entertainment.

Transportation was something to be considered quite seriously. Some of the young men could afford a horse and buggy; if so, they arrived in their best toggery and looked as though they felt just a little superior to others.

How glamorous the girls looked in their long starched dresses with voluminous skirts, big sashes with ends reaching to the bottom of their dresses. Some wore flowers or ribbons in their hair, some wide-rimmed hats laden with flowers. Maybe some were lucky enough to have new shoes which buttoned to about the calf of the leg. However, the height of the shoe was rather hard to determine, for a young lady was very careful about exposing her legs farther than the ankle. Anyone guilty of such a display was considered very immodest, and a question might arise as to character. Some of the young ladies started out with white silk half-mitts, but with the pink lemonade, peanuts, candy, gum and other things which were purchased for an extra treat during the big show, they often became soiled. In that case they were removed and safely stored away in the escort's pocket, who was sure they would be forgotten. If so, this made a very good excuse to call 135 on the young lady in the very near future. Girls did not carry handbags then as they do today.

The young men looked very jaunty when they appeared in their straw hats. They might be two or three years old, but straw-hat season was short and when they were purchased it was with the idea in view that they would last quite a while. The suits varied in style, some having bell-shaped legs, some skimpy at the bottom but with peg tops. All the men wore stiff-bosom shirts. At times they got a little out of control by slipping sideways, but the more fastidious dressers kept their eyes on such matters.

The ones who really kept pace with the styles were those who wore both celluloid collars and cuffs. It seemed especially thrilling to hear the cuff rattle when they shook hands with old friends. From an economical standpoint, the celluloid collars and cuffs were very satisfactory. They never had to be sent to a laundry. All you had to do was sponge them off with soap and water and they were ready to wear in a few minutes.

Some of the best dressers wore buttoned shoes. They reached slightly above the ankle. The more conservative men preferred the congress shoes, with elastic in the sides. They required less effort to put on and off.

The beaux usually started out in the morning with a boutenniére, but as the day advanced, with the heat, excitement and jostling crowds, it often was discarded early in the day.

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The only thing that would dampen the ardor of those attending a circus was rain.

I did not take long in the rain to take the starch out of the girl's pretty dresses and give them a bedraggled look. If the buggy, or surrey did not have a top, or you had forgotten to take the big family umbrella with you, you could be pretty badly drenched before reaching home.

Maybe the next fellow would be alone. He might be in a gig, he might have the idea that a trade could be made whereby he could acquire a circus horse. Usually big families had to resort to a big heavy wagon. It would be fined to overflowing, for if there were not enough in their own family to fill the wagon, they would combine picnic and circus and pick up the neighbors and have baskets of lunch to last all day and until they got home late at night. They always filled their wagon boxes with lots of hay so they could feed the team while they were seeing the circus. There was always a way. If people did not have horses and were lucky enough to have a yoke of oxen, they drove them. It took longer, but that didn't make so much difference, it only meant that they would have to get an earlier start in the morning. Some people had a buckboard; if the family was not too big, they could tie hay on the back of it for the horses to eat and the family could get by.

Nearly everyone took a lunch basket to the circus, for it was cheaper and no one wanted to miss 137 anything by leaving the circus grounds to eat, and at such a time, with so many people in town, they were apt to run out of food.

If the different vehicles used in taking people to the circus in pioneer days could be collected, I believe they would outdo Henry Ford's exhibits, or those shown at some of the fairs and conventions of today.

138

SCHOOL

By the time I had reached school age, a school had been built in our little village, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. Father had worked hard to get a school near home so that we would not have such a long distance to travel.

At the first school meeting, father was elected one of the school board, and served as long as he had any children in school. He was vitally interested in the school for that was where his younger children were to receive part of their education.

The school districts did not furnish the books and supplies as many of the schools do today. This was the plan. I might have a new Reader, maybe Johnny had a new Geography. While I studied his Geography, he learned his reading lesson from my Reader. I took a good deal of perfect planning by the teacher to have books for all of us to study, but I think it gave us an appreciation for books and instilled in us an unselfish felling toward others.

This was rather a co-operative plan, but it worked out wonderfully well when there were eleven children in our family to buy books for and nearly as many children is most of the other 139 families. It seemed in my younger years that all families were quite large.

I still have some of my books. They are almost like autograph albums, they have so many names written in them. Judging from some of the pictures drawn in some of them, there were would-be artists. There were pictures of some of the teachers, probably drawn after she had reprimanded us for some misdemeanor, for they portrayed rather hard features, and some looked as though they might take their place in a futurist art exhibit. No

matter what condition they are in, I love to look at them for they bring back many pleasant memories.

I have a little Harpers Geography. The size is about ten by fourteen inches. This little book I really treasure. My sisters, Jess, Tean, Elizabeth and Bunch, and I learned our first lessons in geography from it. Its covers are worn and faded, the lettering is dim, and the leaves are completely worn away where our thumbs held it open. I often look at this little Geography and compare it with the books used today. What a difference in the books. But after all comparison, we learned the same things, only in a different way.

Going to school in the winter was not without its reward. Some years the schools were closed during the coldest weather. If there happened to be school and the weather was real cold, father would have the hired man take us to school in the morning and call for us after it closed in the afternoon. 140 We and any other children coming our way had the fun of a sleigh ride.

As the years went by there were only Evelyn and I to go top school, then our little driving horse, Dot, was hitched to the cutter and one of my sisters usually drove us.

Our cutter was a Portland. It had braces in the back extending from the back end of the runners up to the back of the body of the cutter. Father had a terrible time keeping the braces repaired and could not understand how they got broken so often. There were only two supposed to ride in the cutter at one time. One was supposed to walk part of the way then change with the one in the cutter. Once in a while we took a chance on all three riding in the cutter. I always seemed when we did this, father would find one of the braces broken. The weight was too much for the little slender supports.

However, father was very patient with us. While we never seemed to know much about the broken brace, I think he knew exactly what had happened, but he did not want to deprive us of any pleasure we had driving to school.

In later years, I had quite a feeling of guilt regarding the matter of so many braces being broken while attending school. One day while father and I were having a visit, our conversation drifted to that subject. I told him just what had happened. The damage had been done and forgotten and years had elapsed, so he did not harbor any hard feelings toward us.

141

NEWSPAPERS

Life is not always sunny. There were times during our childhood which always brought a feeling of sadness to our hearts. That was when mother would receive a letter beautifully written on the whitest of white stationery with a little black border. We always knew that that letter bore a message of sadness.

As brave as mother was, she could not keep from turning pale. With trembling hands she would open the letter, only to find that some member of her beloved family had passed away.

I remember one time when one of those letters came, it bore the sad news that her brother, James, had passed away in Australia. That was a long way off and, of course, she could not help but mourn for him. Her family, like ours, were very dear to each other.

At another time when she received a black bordered letter, it was her mother, Isabella, who had passed away. That was a stinging blow to my poor mother. I shall never forget the sadness that message brought. Travel in those days was very difficult, and to have gone her funeral would have meant days of travel. It would have 142 been out of the question to have made the trip. These were the trials that required a brave heart.

Mother bore these trials as only a brave pioneer could. However sad she felt, she never burdened her family or her friends with her sorrow. All of such sad events were considered her own grief, not to be flaunted before others.

As a mark of respect to the departed, mother always wore mourning for a period, which was the custom. The time came when she felt that mourning apparel was too depressing to father and the children, so she finally laid it aside and put on colors. This pleased all of us, for she seemed too young to be dressed in sombre colors so much. Of course, her dress-up dress was always black—that was the style. I always liked her in her summer dresses the best. She always looked so pretty in her starched print dresses.

As mother grew older, she was relieved of many responsibilities of housekeeping. It was taken over almost entirely by my older sisters.

Mother was very particular about her personal appearance. She never allowed herself to drift into untidy habits. She always wanted to be cleaned up when father came home. Her love for him never waned and the things she thought would please him were always uppermost in her mind. Shawls and bonnets were in style during her latter years and I never remember seeing her wear a hat. In mother's day, people did not pretend to have the number of changes in clothes that they 143 have today. They had a certain pattern for a dress and it was used repeatedly for years. Paisley shawls were about the most popular of the shawls, unless mourning was being worn.

I shall mention here that in the cemetery in Canada where my paternal grandmother, Jean, is buried, not far from her grave, rests the lover of the beloved Florence Nightingale. He was sent to Canada from England as a missionary. His name was John Smithhurst.

Mother enjoyed reading, but she never spent her time reading anything but the best books and papers, and they were considered rather an expensive luxury in pioneer days. Her most intimate friend, Amy Blackmer, the postmistress in our little village, and she worked

out a plan to subscribe for papers. Amy, of course, saw them first. She had the privilege of opening and reading them, then passed them on to our family. They were then read and reread. When our family finished reading them, what was left was passed on to others who could not afford to subscribe to such luxuries. I remember they took the *Toledo Blade* and *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for years.

The papers in those days were very different from the papers today. There was more solid reading. There was very little advertising, as compared with today, and no Feature Section. The first pictures that in any way could approach the funnies of today were the Buster Brown pictures.

144

No one took exception to having a bundle of papers given them, for everyone was so accustomed to using each other's things, it did not seem at all out of the ordinary. My father even loaned our good old faithful oxen, Tom and Charley. Once when they were loaned, Charley got a piece broken from one of his horns. We felt as badly, I think, as though one of the family had had an arm broken. It ruined Charley's looks, but he was just as faithful as he ever had been.

145

TEACHING SCHOOL

Play could not last always. I discovered myself growing into a young lady and I made up my mind that I must decide on some vacation. There were not the different lines of work to choose that there are today. Nursing, teaching, bookkeeping or stenography were the branches that most girls considered. I decided to take a teacher's training. Jean and Elizabeth had both taught school and seemed to get along nicely, so I knew of no reason why I should not like the work. I attended Normal School, studied hard, took the examinations and passed. It did not require as many years of training as it now does. The three R's were considered the most essential in the rural districts. Parents thought that if the children could master these studies, they had gone a long way practical education.

After completing my examinations, I was permitted to try out what I thought would be my life work. I was not quite eighteen years old, the required age, but the Commissioner of Schools was kind enough to allow me to teach as it was so near my eighteenth birthday.

The first school I taught was miles away from home, in a sparsely settled community, and had 146 few pupils. I believe nearly all the teachers were assigned that school for their first term. It was quite an isolated place and not far from an Indian settlement. I had never been away from home, except to go to school, and it gave me a feeling that I had almost reached the end of the earth. I knew our old minister, Rev. Cook, held services in this village occasionally so I asked him about the place, people and school. He gave me some letters of introduction to some of his good Presbyterian friends and assured me that he was positive I would become accustomed to the place and would like it. He gave me all the encouragement he could.

I seemed to be involved in two situations. Our old friend the missionary, Rev. George Weaver, made trips to this settlement also. He had visited the school district prior to my going there and someone asked him if he knew me. While he was acquainted with our family, he thought that it was my sister, Jess, with the copper-colored hair, who was going to be their teacher. He told inquiring citizens about my hair and that I was a pretty girl. This quite aroused the curiosity of some of the people and especially the young people. The boys were anxious to meet me and the girls wondered what competition they were going to have. When I arrived with dark brown hair, there seemed to be a disappointed look on their faces. While they did not say a great deal, they did inform me that they thought I had red hair. It 147 seemed to me as though I was handicapped right at the beginning. My only hope was to prove to them that the color of one's hair did not make such a big difference.

To reach the school district, I was obliged to travel both by train and stagecoach. The train part of the trip I was used to, but traveling by stage semed to be a different matter. The roads were rough and as I lurched back and forth in the stage, it seemed as though the distance was endless. It gave me a feeling of loneliness, for every step the horses

took made me realize that I was getting farther and farther away from my family. When I reached my destination, the director of the school met me. He had a buckboard and a gray horse, and it seemed as though it was just as hard to travel in as the stage which I had just alighted from. He took me to his home, where his wife had a nice meal prepared, but I still had about three miles to go after I had eaten. I finally landed at my boarding place. The house was clean and not badly furnished, but the couple had not been married long and it seemed as though they had been existing mostly on love, for I thought I had never tasted poorer food.

When I had been away nine weeks, the longest period I had ever been separated from my family, I arranged to spend the weekend at home. With the light diet, I was not properly nourished and had lost quite a bit of weight. When I arrived at my home, my father was quite shocked to see me 148 so very thin. It took a good deal of persuasion on my part to get him to consent to my going back. I did not want to be a quitter, so I again started on my trek to school. I had become accustomed to conditions, and knowing that I would only have to be there a short time, I returned with a much happier feeling than I had upon my first arrival.

I will say that my sojourn in this locality was not entirely without reward. The family where I stayed went to the village every Saturday to do their shopping, and I always went with them. The village was made up mostly of Indians. When we drove into town in the lumber wagon, we would see groups of them gathering together. They would watch us and talk in their language and seemed to be quite excited over white people coming to town.

My needs were so few that I did not pretend to do any shopping, and I was rather “Scotch” when it came to spending much money. I was only earning the meager sum of twenty-five dollars a month, and I wanted to save some, for I was looking forward to going to school some time in the future.

I listened to the Indians, watched them intently, observed their gestures so closely that by the time I was ready to leave that community I had learned quite a little of their language. This was really interesting to me.

The children in this district were quite scattered. They had lonely roads to travel and I often 149 went part way home with them. I liked the exercise and the children appreciated having me go with them. There were a good many birds, wild flowers, squirrels and chipmunks. It was rather interesting to go on these little jaunts. I had never had any occasion to be afraid, but one night I did become very frightened. I was returning home, walking along the road very leisurely, when suddenly I noticed the grass along the path moving. I thought that seemed strange, but I kept looking and walking faster and faster, and whatever it was seemed to be keeping up with me. I was so startled I commenced to run. I ran on and on as fast as I could possibly go until I reached the schoolhouse. I sat down on the steps so exhausted I could scarcely breathe. When I reached the house where I was staying, I related my experience. When I had finished, they informed me that there were wildcats, lynx and other predatory animals living in that part of the country. This information and experience was enough for me, and I never ventured into the woods again as long as I was in that vicinity.

My second term of school was in the district where my sister, Jean, had taught fifteen years previously. The pupils who had gone to school when she was teaching were all grown up and their children were my pupils. I boarded at the home of an old gentleman and his only daughter, the mother had passed away shortly after Jean left the neighborhood. They were very nice people 150 and I was much happier than I had been in my previous school. I was not so far away and was able to get home every weekend. One of my sisters usually came for me with our little driving horse, Dot.

My third term of school was in a district much nearer home, a distance of only two and one-half miles. I thought it was wonderful to be so near home. One of my sisters, and Dot, could get me to the schoolhouse every Monday morning in plenty of time to start school,

and some member of the family planned to be there when school closed Friday afternoon. If there was anything special going on at home during the week, I could manage to get home. The distance was so short that we always arrived home in time for the evening meal. That was a real treat for me.

This term was a longer one and I enjoyed it much more than the others. I stayed with an elderly couple. Their family was quite large but they had all married, which left the parents alone.

They lived in a large house surrounded by maple trees, lilacs, rose bushes and a variety of old-fashioned flowers. There was an air about the place which one seldom found in the country. The gentleman of the house was a well-educated man and had been an officer in the Civil War, so he never lacked for something to talk about. I loved to hear him tell the experiences he had while in the war. Some of the tales he told were distressing to hear, but they were all interesting. This old couple 151 always called me “Daught.” They said it was short for daughter. They seemed to appreciate having a young person in their home after their own children had been away so long. When Friday came they were reluctant to have me go to my home. The old gentleman would always say when I was leaving, “Now, Daught, don't forget to come home, will you?” It always made me feel a little badly to leave them, for they always looked so lonely as they stood there watching me leave.

The house where this couple lived was about a mile and a half from the schoolhouse, so I always carried a lunch. What pains that dear old lady took in preparing the food. It was both delicious and nourishing. I shall never forget the buck-wheat cakes that were waiting for me in the morning when I came down to breakfast. They were always baked, piping hot, with some of her delicious butter melted and poured over them. All they lacked was some of my father's delicious maple syrup.

After I finished teaching in that district, I often returned for a visit. They always welcomed me with open arms, and the time came for me to leave far too soon to suit any of us.

I liked this school more than any of the others. I enjoyed the children. The schoolhouse was more modern. In fact, everything seemed to be more to my liking than they had been in the other districts. My work also seemed to be satisfactory, for the school board offered me a contract, with 152 the promise of a higher salary, if I would come back and teach the next term. I refrained from accepting the offer to remain as teacher. This ended my career as a teacher. I went to college and took a course in business, which I liked very much better than teaching. It enabled me to have more friends of my own age, also a considerable increase in salary, which, of course, was very attractive after teaching school in the rural districts.

Perhaps you would like to know a little more about our little driving horse who served us so well. Dot was rather light weight, trained for buggy or cutter, and kept mostly for us girls to drive. He was gentle, black as a coal and had a little white star between his eyes. Dot was one of the finest little animals to drive. The only thing he ever did that was vexing was to shy at things along the road. We never could understand why he did this. I always thought that traveling got a little monotonous to him and he did this to wake himself up. He never ran away. After he had this little spree, he would settle down and travel along as though nothing had ever happened.

It was necessary to cross quite a long bridge to get to the village from our place. We drove Dot a great deal going on errands. Dot and I were going to the village one day. We got to the bridge and Dot braced his feet and refused to take another step. I was surprised for he had never done anything like that before. Men were repairing the bridge and had the planks loosened. It was just 153 as it had always been except for the planks not being nailed. I sat there in the buggy wondering what Dot was going to do. He did not make a move. Finally I got out of the buggy, took hold of his bridle and told him to come on. At that he started and never made a particle of trouble. When we reached the end of the bridge, I got into the buggy. We did our errands and started home. When we got to the bridge, he refused to cross. I got out of the buggy again and we crossed over as nicely as could be.

I got into the buggy and we were once more on our way home. Dot was not mean, ugly or lazy; he did not want to lead me into any danger. I could not have been impatient or cross with him, for I think he showed a wonderful amount of sense.

154

THE NEW MILK HOUSE

We had been living in the new house for some little time and felt very happy. Father had built barns and other buildings to house the stock and chickens. Our dairy needs had increased until he thought we should have a separate house where the milk could be taken care of and the churning done. There were no laws at that time compelling farmers to have a separate milk house, but he thought it would be much nicer to keep the milk entirely separate from the house.

He set about collecting stones from our own land with which to build a new stone house for the milk. It was not long until he had enough material assembled to build an attractive little building eight by ten feet. This little building was pretty enough to live in, but was kept entirely for the milk. There was a window on each side of the building with screens outside and white muslin tacked inside to keep the dust out and still have a nice circulation of air. Along each side of the wall there were stone shelves, above these there were white pine shelves, which were easy to keep clean, and mother saw that they were always clean, too. She took pride in showing the little house to 155 her customers. The stone shelves cooled the milk quicker than the wooden ones, so the fresh milk was always placed on them first. It was a wonderful place to churn and pack the butter into crocks or mold it into molds. Mother had molds of maple wood, with a maple leaf, which made an imprint on the top of each pound of butter. Some of her customers liked their butter in larger quantities, in such cases she made rolls of two, three or four pounds. She made designs with the butter ladle on top of each roll.

Mother made a good deal of butter to sell. Her equipment consisted of a heavy stoneware churn and dasher, milk crocks of stoneware, flat tin pans, a butter bowl and ladle. No one had ever heard of the barrel or electric churns. People knew about our little milk house, and how very particular she was about everything connected with the milk and butter, and her orders for all dairy products exceeded the supply. Milk sold for four cents a quart. For a long time mother got sixteen cents a pound for butter. That was considered top price.

About the time the milk house was built, new machines had come into use for drilling wells. Father visited some of the places where wells had been drilled, and at once decided that we should have a new well. He hired the men with the new equipment and had them drill in the very same spot the old douser had recommended for our first well. Father had a little more faith in what the 156 old man had told him that he did at first. They drilled to a depth of about ninety feet, where they found wonderful water. When the drillers assured father that there was a good supply of water, father ordered a new windmill and a tank and we never lacked for water for the house or barn. The well was only a short distance from the milk house, and furnished an abundance of water for taking care of the butter and milk.

Father loved buttermilk. He knew the days mother was going to churn, and what a treat it was to be able to go into the little milk house and have a couple of glasses of cool rich buttermilk! The beverages of today could never have taken the place of buttermilk. Tean and father were the milk drinkers in the family. I have often wondered why the rest of the family did not care more for milk. When it came to cream, every one of us liked it, we liked the butter, too, and were always allowed all the cream and butter we wanted.

Milk was handled very differently in those days. We never delivered milk, only to certain customers. I delivered it to Lorain and Levelette, and I don't think they ever took more than a pint. There was a club known as the Cincinnati Club. They owned the property adjacent to ours. Each family owned their own cottage, but there was a community dining room and kitchen. This club bought their milk, cream and butter from us. In this case we delivered the things they wanted. 157 The butter was packed in crocks and the milk and cream were

delivered in pails. There were no glass bottles for milk or cream. Regular customers had their own tin pails. Each day when they came for their milk, they left a pail to be used the following day.

As we had become quite advertised for furnishing pure wholesome milk, butter and cream, our neighbor made up his mind that if we could furnish these commodities, he could.

By the time Tommy was ready to launch into the milk business, there had been, what he thought, a great improvement in equipment. There was a new milk can on the market, with a long stout about an inch in diameter, and the quart measure, which was carried along to measure the milk for the customers, could be hung on the spout. This seemed to Tommy like a very attractive, modern, efficient method for handling milk, and he invested in the up-to-the-minute contraption and set out to make a killing in the milk business.

Tommy's vision of business was so inflated that he decided vegetables could be sold along the route, so he enlarged his garden space. He got more chickens and added eggs and chickens to his list. By the time he got all set to go, he had quite an investment. He purchased a team of thin, half-starved-looking mustangs, which he used to deliver his produce, but he had to have a team anyway so they could hardly be counted as an added expense. When the first resorters arrived, 158 Tommy was ready. He started out with milk. The vegetables were not quite ready, but he assured his customers that they would come later in the season.

He had not been selling milk long when his customers commenced complaining about the milk getting sour before the next morning. They could not give it to the babies, for they would not drink sour milk. No one had ever heard of cattle having tuberculosis or undulant fever, so this thing of having the milk sour so soon, when his cattle seemed in the best condition, was very perplexing to Tommy. He could not understand how fresh warm milk put into the new can with the long spout, and his quart measure clean with the started from home, could possibly get sour. He did not know that the bacteria in the warm milk would

soon commence to work if it had not been thoroughly cooled. The hot sun shone on the can, the quart measure always had some milk sticking to it, dust added to this produced an ideal condition for bacteria to work. Tommy was in a dilemma over the milk situation. It presented such a serious problem that the customers finally furnished him with mason fruit jars so the milk could be measured into them and delivered directly from the farm to the customers.

This worked all right for a time, but finally the jars seemed inadequate for the sour milk started coming again. It finally dawned upon his customers that the milk was not given the proper care 159 from a sanitary standpoint, so they finally came back to us, willing to come and get their milk, so our milk business increased daily.

However, Tommy was not to be pushed aside so easily with his selling scheme. While he had lost quite a few milk customers, his garden had continued to grow. He continued in business by having nice crisp leaf lettuce, onions, beets, and carrots. His peas were really delicious. The only worry about them, they got ripe too quick and he had to work hard to get them to his customers while they were tender.

Tommy had a family, but never seemed to get them interested in the selling game. There was a boy, Tommy, named after his father, but he never had him with him. One day when Tommy was complaining about so much work, Evelyn asked him why he did not have his son help him. He said, “Well, Evy, it's jest like this. Tommy is smart but he don't know nothin'.” So old Tommy still continued to run the business himself.

Evelyn could never solve the mystery of Tommy being smart but knowing nothing. However, Tommy was short lived. The barn was struck by lightning. In trying to get the faithful mustangs out, he was trapped in the flames and burned to death along with the ponies.

LAKE HOME HOTEL

Reports had been spread over the country of the wonderful climate which relieved hay fever and asthma. Artesian wells furnished the purest of water, with medicinal properties.

The lakes and streams abounded with trout, bass, pike, pickerel, perch, sunfish and eels. This appealed to the fishermen.

The inland lakes were delightful for swimming. The temperature of the water perfect; it was invigorating and still not too cold. Hours could be spent in the lakes in the summertime without feeling at all chilled.

The teachers nearly always boarded at our house, and on several occasions hunters and fishermen persuaded mother to let them have accommodations and meals, eating with the family and sharing the same food. This gave them an opportunity to enjoy the home-cured hams, jellies, preserves, maple syrup, home-made bread, and butter churned in our new milk house. They seemed to thoroughly enjoy country life, and when their vacations were ended they seemed to regret leaving. They always felt that they had had value received for their money and hoped to return again some time.

While mother and father had never entertained the thought of taking guests as a business, there were so many people looking for places to stay they commenced to think it might be a profitable thing to do.

Jim, Jess, Tean, Elizabeth, Evelyn and I, part of the time, were still at home. This seemed like quite a staff, made up from our own family, who could take care of a small business.

The family considered the possibility of the hotel until they finally found themselves drawing plans for one. It was to be a small family hotel to accommodate a limited number

of guests. The business being new, they did not want to go in on such a large scale that they might find a white elephant on their hands.

Father, you know, was a good planner so he began to cast about to see what the resources were on our own homestead which could be used in building a hotel.

He made a thorough search through our forest and fields. He found stone which could be used for the foundation. The cedar trees could be made into shingles. The large rock maple trees could be made into beautiful flooring. The large cork pine trees, when sawed into boards, made the finest kind of sheeting, some of them as wide as two feet across. Father could readily see where all of these things would be valuable towards furnishing material for the building.

Father was acquainted with an old Frenchman who understood the manufactured of lime. He consulted him regarding the quality of the stone for making lime. The old man came and examined the stone very carefully and found that it was perfect for the manufacture of lime. Father had kilns built, the stone carefully selected, and employed the old man to fire the kilns and determine when it was properly burned.

After the stone was manufactured into lime, it proved to be of the finest quality. When the plastering was finished, the walls were almost as smooth as china.

Contractors, masons, carpenters and other workmen were employed and it was amazing how quickly the work progressed.

I must mention the fun we had while the hotel was being erected. Those were the days when square dances were popular. When the news spread around that a new hotel was under construction, and it was a nice place to dance, the young people came from far and near, wanting to have little dancing parties. Of course, they were very informal. We never knew what evening a group of young people was coming. Father very willingly consented

to their coming, for he always liked to see us get all the pleasure out of life that was possible. There was an old fiddler in the village who played for all the dances, also an old man who “called off.” They never turned down a chance to come. While the pay was made for 163 such parties, they were glad to get it. It was surprising how quickly a crowd could be gathered together to spend the evening dancing in that big room. In fact commenced to wonder if the floors would not be worn out before he could get the partitions in.

The old “caller off” could get a crowd onto the floor quicker than anything you could imagine, and we would be off in the Virginia reel, polka or quadrille. It did not make a great deal of difference what the dance was, it was all fun for us.

The favorite pieces played were: “She Danced All Night with a Hole in Her Stocking,” “Old Dan Tucker,” “All Around the Vinegar Jug,” “Turkey in the Straw,” “Swing That Girl, That Pretty Little Girl,” “Home Sweet Home.”

The dancing went on until the hotel was completed, then we found we must become organized for business.

While mother and father enjoyed having the young people around while the hotel was being built, their real pleasure came when the beautiful maple floors were polished until they were as smooth as satin, the new rugs and carpets, so carefully selected, were laid, and the new furniture placed, the likes of which we had never seen before. Each room had a new lamp and the dining room and lobby had several hanging lamps.

When the hotel was completed it was lovely. The view was unusual. From the spacious porches could be seen five lakes, flat land and hills.

With all the building, furnishings, landscaping and countless other jobs, no thought had been given to a name for the hotel. It seemed quite out of reason to have a hotel without a name. This subject was discussed quite fully by the family and our friends. Different names

which were suggestive of comfort, view, health, surroundings and many other qualities were submitted and considered, but mother's and father's conception of home was so broad that they finally decided on “Lake Home” as being the suitable name for their hotel. The name did seem very appropriate. The location and comfort of the place were plainly expressed in those two words. They wanted all who sojourned at their hotel to feel that it was home. They also welcomed any suggestions, which might add comfort for their guests.

Mother and father did many nice things in the way of entertaining. They were very courteous and much concerned over the contentment and comfort of the guests, for they knew these were the things which would create a desire to return.

Father was always very proud of his accomplishment as a maple syrup manufacturer and as a rule each guest was presented with a little container of maple syrup as a parting gift.

Mother never realized, when she was catering to a few hunters and fishermen, that she was starting something which would lead up to one of the most popular hotels in northern Michigan.

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Many a weary traveler found rest for his body and peace for his soul within the four walls of Lake Home.

We opened our hotel for guests in June. It remained to be seen whether it was going to be a success or a white elephant. It proved to be far from the latter. It became advertised that a new summer hotel had been built in northern Michigan and we commenced to get reservations for accomodations from the large cities. The hotel became so crowded, people asked for permission to bring tents to sleep in and get their meals at the hotel.

The patronage so far exceeded any dream father had, that an addition of three times the capacity we already had was added to the hotel. Within a short time we found our Lake

Home was still inadequate to accomodate all the people who were still anxious to visit out northern paradise. With this condition existing, father decided to build some cottages. He hired contractors and started on a building program which he was sure would take care of any who were in search of rest and recreation.

We often had guests arrive who were suffering so badly with hay fever and asthma we would wonder if it was possible for them to recover, but with the clear, pure air, good food and rest, it would not be long until they were ready for swimming, fishing, golf and other entertainment. To those people, it seemed like a miracle that such a change could take place in such a short time.

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It was most gratifying to father and mother to have sickly little babies, who looked as though they were starving for sunlight and air, grow and gain and maybe be walking by the time they left.

Our good Mother Earth, which had always been so good to us, contributed very freely in supplying fruits and veegtables for our guests. The fields yielded an abundance of wheat, which gave us the most excellent flour for our rolls, bread and pastries which our hotel was famous for serving. Our herd of Jersey and Guernsey cows gave the milk for the puny, sickly little children, and furnished us with rich golden cream and butter. We also had turkeys, ducks and chickens, which added materially to the other good food.

Every summer our hotel and cottages were filled to capacity. Petoskey, Charlevoix and other northern towns, had very attractive summer hotels, but these places were too much like other cities. Tourists were seeking the wide open spaces where they could escape the noise, heat and rush which they endured the greater part of the year.

Father, at his age, could not become reconciled to start building again, so he decided another plan must be worked out.

We had a long stretch of property adjacent to the lake, which father had acquired from our Connecticut neighbors. This seemed the solution of the problem which confronted father. He decided to have a part of this surveyed and platted into lots. He thought by selling lots, people could do 167 their own building. Father had no trouble in disposing of the lots and immediately people commenced building beautiful summer homes along the entire shore. In a number of the cottages, the grandchildren of the original owners are now occupying them. With all the children, parents and grandparents, I am very sure there has been much more joy and happiness connected with this resort, than Lorain and Levelette ever could have experienced.

We all had an ambition to accomplish something worth while. Elizabeth's desire was to become a nurse. Father did not like to see her enter into such serious work. With a good deal of compromising, he persuaded her to change her field of endeavor from nursing to teaching. After the vocation was decided, Elizabeth took up teachers' training and her entire attention was given to educational work.

The young surveyor who was hired to do the surveying had not been working long until he found himself slipping into a love affair with Elizabeth. While she was ambitious to be a succesful teacher, she was determined that she was not going to spoil the chance for marrying a fellow like Fred for the sake of teaching school. Their courtship lasted several months, Fred working harder every day to prove to Elizabeth that he could take care of her. The wedding date was set and, after a lovely wedding at home, which united the young couple, they set out on life's journey.

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Father did not realize when he hired the young surveyor that he was to be a future son-in-law. There was this about father—he never tried to manage any of our matrimonial affairs. It was entirely up to each one in the family to do their own selecting. He did not intend to take any blame, if we were wrong in making a choice.

However, Elizabeth and Fred have been a happy couple. Their love for each other has stood the test of a good many years, proving that they were in love from the beginning of their courtship.

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TRANSPORTATION

At the time our hotel opened for guests, no one had ever heard of a motor boat or such a conveyance as an automobile. They were in the dim distance. People contemplating a trip of any distance traveled either by boat or rail.

As our hotel was about three quarters of a mile from the depot, some plan must be made to meet the trains and bring the guests to the hotel. We owned a number of row boats, but they were not satisfactory to be used in this capacity. A good many people were not accustomed to getting in and out of boats, and some were afraid of the water. We also had horses, carriages, buggies and wagons, but none of them were suitable for carrying passengers. The buggies and carriages were not large enough, and the wagons were too big and cumbersome such not equipped with seats.

The wagon manufacturers were putting out a new vehicle that was very practical, which they called a mountain wagon. They were strongly built and accommodated different numbers of passengers. The seats held three people. There was a top for protection from the sun, and side curtains which could be rolled down and fastened in 170 case it was cold, windy or rainy. Father and Jim thought this was the most practical conveyance they had ever heard of, so they placed an order with our implement dealer for a mountain wagon with three seats, and which would hold nine people. When the wagon arrived, it was all that could possibly be expected in the way of efficiency.

The people from the city considered this turnout quite unusual and rather a unique way of traveling, so it made a big hit with all our guests. Folks from the city did not have an

opportunity to be driven around in such a conveyance, so they went to the depot every chance they had. In fact, different ones took advantage of the situation to such an extent that trips had to be curtailed in order that incoming and outgoing guests could have an opportunity to use the wagon.

We owned a team of horses named Bob and Betty—they were born and raised on our farm. Bob was known as a roan horse. Betty was black as night and had a little white spot on her face just below her eyes. They were both very gentle as we had made pets of them from the time they were born. This team was nearly always the one used on the wagon as they were strong, gentle and dependable. The guests became well acquainted with Bob and Betty and observed some of their habits. I shall mention one thing they never failed to do. There was a lovely artesian well on the outskirts of the village, where horses, oxen and other animals could get a drink. Bob and Betty 171 seemed to know that they should not stop on their way to the depot, so they paid no attention to the well. Upon their return to the hotel, they were always allowed to stop and get a cold drink. It made no difference how many trips they made to the village during the day, they always stepped over to the well for their drink on the homeward trip. A great many times they were not thirsty at all, they just liked to play in the water. Bob, especially, was cute. We had made such a pet of him, it seemed as though he could almost talk. If you went into the barn eating an apple, he would whinny and beg and make such a fuss, you would be glad to let him have it.

There was a certain place in the city where father always sent the horses to have their feet taken care of and their shoes fitted. The blacksmith was particularly fond of Bob and Betty, and always had some candy or an apple for them when his work was finished. They were very patient while the work was being done, but when he was through, they fully expected to get their treat.

Our guests grew very fond of the team and they fully appreciated their funny little habits.

In the early fall we often had hay fever patients. They were obliged to stay until the ragweed was frozen near their homes. As a littel treat and to break the monotony for the guests, Jim often invited them to spend the afternoon driving through 172 the country, so they might enjoy visiting the fruit orchards and see the beautiful fall coloring on the leaves. This was always a great treat to out guests, and they never failed to express their appreciation and admiration for our faithful, gentle team, Bob and Betty.

173

UTILITIES

Our old windmill had served us well but it was beginning to get a bit creaky and needed a good deal of attention. It seemed that when we needed water the most, something would go wrong with the mill. Father had seen the newly invented gasoline engine used for pumping water and decided that a gasoline engine would be a great improvement over the old windmill. Father being progressive enjoyed seeing improvements both for farming and the hotel. He was never happier than when he saw a hammer and saw going at full speed.

He tore down our old windmill, which we had used for so many years, and installed a new gasoline engine, which was very satisfactory. It furnished an adequate supply of water for bathrooms, kitchen and laundry, and supplied the barns with water for the stock.

There were some improvements being made in laundry equipment. There was a new washing machine on the market. It was operated by hand, but a big improvement over the wooden tubs and washboards. We decided to investigate the merits of the new machine. A number of sheets could be 174 washed in it at one time and it did the work very nicely. This seemed like such an improvement over anything else we had ever seen that we placed an order for one to be delivered at once. With all the hotel table linen and bedding to be washed every day, we welcomed this machine more than we could ever tell. Along with the new laundry equipment father installed a new gasoline mangle for doing the ironing. Aside from the worry of using gasoline, it was very satisfactory.

However, the people who did the laundry did not like the mangle. They were fearful of what gasoline could do and were afraid of its exploding and burning them to death. I could easily appreciate how they felt, for I had my fears. I guess I did not value my life as much as they did, so I managed the office work and clerkship so I could mangle the flat work for them. Whatever the danger might have been, I liked it better than the old-fashioned irons or the more recently invented Mrs. Potts irons. I had used both and could speak from experience.

I give father credit for this. He liked to keep abreast with the times. We had dozens of lamps, but it was a real chore to keep them clean and in good condition, and they did not furnish the light we thought necessary. Father had lived through the experience of burning both candles and lamps and he longed for better lights.

A salesman was stopping at the hotel. While in conversation with father, he suggested that 175 acetylene gas was something quite new and was very satisfactory for lighting. He thought it would work very nicely in our place. Hotels were using it and it was also being installed in a good many business places and rural homes. The salesman's talk was so convincing that he sold father the idea of installing a gas plant. The contract was made out and signed right them.

We had a big cellar which the salesman claimed would be ideal for the gas equipment, so that is where it was installed. It happened to be in a part of the cellar underneath a bedroom occupied by two of my sisters. The pipes for the gas and fixtures were put into every room in the house. When the lights were turned on, they seemed wonderful after using kerosene lamps. The guests appreciated them and thought they seemed very much like the lights in their city homes.

We had not been using the gas very long when father decided that he did not like the idea of that newfangled outfit being so near where the family was sleeping. He had visions of it exploding and burning up the hotel, or some other dreadful catastrophe, so he

commenced to make plans for a new building to house the gas plant. He felt that it was quite necessary to hurry the building along, and it was not long until the new building was completed and the gas plant moved. This eased father's mind of one big worry.

It was not long after the gas was installed until the utility companies started branching out 176 and soliciting business in the more remote places. The electric companies were bidding for business in our part of the country. To keep pace with progress, father thought we should have electricity put into the hotel and cottages. He hired men to come and tear out the acetylene equipment, wire the buildings and arrange for outside lights. When the electricity was turned on, it seemed to us that we had reached the limit in the way of improvements. The gas being discarded, father's worries were over as far as light was concerned.

It seemed as though modern conveniences were coming too fast to be true. Soon after electricity was installed, the telephone companies decided to extend their lines farther into the country. We thought it would be wonderful to talk to our city friends, and Tean, Bunch and I had some quite attentive young men we were quite interested in, and we thought it would be pretty fine to contact them by phone once in a while. We talked quite a lot about the advantages of the telephone. Father, never having used one, thought it was rather an unnecessary expense, but we finally persuaded him to install the phone. There were several parties on the line. They made good use of it, listened in a lot to hear the news, but we got a chance to use it once in a while, which was better than not having a phone at all. It seemed that every time we went to use the phone, we would hear a clicking sound and then a clock ticking, and we heard it 177 all the time we were trying to talk. I think the clock must have been a Seth Thomas, for the sound was always the same and sounded like my aunt's old clock. I was always curious to see it, and I felt sure I would recognize it if I heard it ticking.

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CHRISTINE

Christine (Tean) favored mother in many ways. She was exactly the same height and had dark-blue eyes. When she was a child, she was always searching for something. If she set out to find anything, she would go to the farthest corners to find it.

One day mother entrusted the care of Tean to Jean and Sarah, while she went to the lake to see that the children who were playing there were all right. While she was away, Tean started to look for something. She climbed up on one of the pantry shelves and upset the indigo bluing which mother used for laundry purposes. The blue powder spilt all over Tean, a good deal landing in her hair. Jean and Sarah tried to wash it out, but the more they washed, the bluer her hair became. When mother returned she was greeted by Tean, not the little fair-haired girl she left, but a child with indigo-blue hair. You can imagine the shock that was to mother. She had heard of people's hair turning white overnight, but she had never known of a case where a child's hair turned indigo blue in about ten minutes' time. Tean wore blue hair to match her eyes for quite a while, for it could not be washed out.

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As the years sped by, Tea grew into a very attractive young lady. She had a trim little figure, pretty even teeth and just enough pug to her nose to give her a sprightly air. She seemed to be the romantic one in the family. It was never a case of Tean not having a beau. Mother thought she had too many. As I look back over our girlhood days, I can easily see why boys were attracted to her. Tean was a jolly, good-natured girl. She was a good dancer, and could glide over the ice as easily as though no effort was required. She could dive into the water and you might think she had drowned, but she always managed to come up a good distance from where she dove. She liked to play golf, but John and Jess could usually beat her at that game. Tean had one suitor after another, but they never seemed to be the right one. Mother would no more than become reconciled to the fact that she was going to have a new son-in-law, when Tean would announce that she was tired or dissatisfied with this one or the other and was not going with him any

longer. Mother never approved of her daughters accepting gifts from young men, aside from candy, books, or valentines, unless they were engaged to be married. In a case where there was an engagement it was all right to accept a ring. If the engagement was broken, the ring must go back to the donor. Mother held Tean right to the dotted line on this contract. She didn't intend to let her get away with any such gift as that.

180

Tean was fond of rowing. One of her boy friends persuaded her to enter a rowing race which was to be held on Crooked Lake. The day the race was to take place was very windy and made rowing very difficult, but Tean had had a lot of experience in rowing in all kinds of weather. In the race she handled her boat beautifully and won first prize, which was a beautiful silver cup. Tean would accept a challenge to almost any sport. Most likely, if Sonja Henie had been having an Ice Revue at that time, Tean would probably have tried to sign up with her.

As the years went by, Tean developed a fondness for music and wanted to make it a study. Organs were very much in vogue, so father bought her one. She took lessons and practiced diligently. She also developed a nice alto voice. This got her into the church choir. Tean had a great deal of pleasure from her music. Pianos came into style not long after we got the organ, so the organ was exchanged for a piano. The latter she liked much better. She practiced until she was elected organist in the church. Where young people were gathered, she was always willing to play so they could sing.

Tean finally met a young man of English birth. It was a case of love at first sight. She knew at once that he was the one she was always going to love and he must have felt the same about her. Their courtship was short, and they soon went on their way rejoicing.

181

With all the activity in Tean's life, she had not lost the hunting instinct. In fact, by this time it had become quite well developed. After Christine and Percival were married, they went to southern Michigan to live. She was very much interested in antiques. She often

persuaded Percival to go with her on her hunting expeditions. I believe she wheedled him into visiting nearly every antique shop in Michigan. After they had been married some time, Percival's employers sent him to California. Tean thought that state was even a better field for antiques than Michigan. There seemed to be more of a thrill in finding something that had been shipped over the Rockies. It seemed to me that Tean could scent a Currier and Ives print fifty miles away. I have always been glad that Percival made antiques his hobby, for it has given both of them a great deal of pleasure. I will give Tean this credit. She has a very nice collection of glass, prints, furniture, rugs and silver. I would not attempt to enumerate the antiques or place a value on them. Tean and Percival had a lot of pleasure in hunting and accumulating them and they are priceless possessions to the hunters.

Edgar A. Guest tells us: “It takes a heap o’ livin’ in a house T’ make it home.”

It has always been a joy to visit Christine and Percival, and I think they have done “a heap o’ livin'” in their home.

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PLAY

We were always just as glad to see the ice come as we were to see it go. In summer it was a place to fish, swim, row and sail boats.

Jim owned a boat which we named the black boat, as it was always painted black. It could be used either as a row boat or as a sail boat. The black boat we considered safe for any of us to use. It was very light and rowed easily. As a sailboat it was beautiful, the white sails and black boat made a striking combination. Jim was an expert at handling the rigging, so we never had the least fear when he was along, even though the lake was rough. In fact, a few waves seemed to add a little adventure, and we did not mind it even when the sails dipped a little.

In the winter we spent hours skating, sailing ice boats and fishing through the ice. When I was quite young and going to school, I had a young friend, who liked to fish through the ice. Every night he and I went to all the fish holes to see if he had a fish. He always coaxed me to go and would promise me a fish if I would go with him. We spent quite a little time hunting for the fish, but we never seemed to find any. We often accused 183 someone of visiting the holes before we had a chance to get to them.

John was always the first one to try the ice. I have seem him skate when the ice was so thin it was like waves behind him. He called it rubber ice. There was great danger in skating on the rubber ice. It kept mother in a state of worry, but he always got by without accident.

The lake sometimes froze over during bright moonlight nights. One who never has skated could never imagine the thrill of skating in the moonlight on ice as smooth and clear as glass. Our skates were so sharp they would cut into the ice, leaving our tracks indelibly carved there. Sometimes when it was real cold we would take pieces of wood out on the ice and build a fire. That made it nice, for if we felt at all chilly we could return to the fire and get warm. I have skated on the lake when the ice was so clear you could follow the fish as they swan underneath in the water.

Our favorite games on the ice were crack-the-whip and tag. These games required both action and speed. We also enjoyed the ice boating, but the girls never undertook to run them. They required very careful handling, the same as sail boats, on you would find yourself off the lake and up in the fields or woods. The ice boats were equipped with sails and made much better time than sail boats.

When we had skated to our hearts' content, we often invited our friends to our home, where 184 mother would have a nice surprise waiting for us. Sometimes she would have coffee or fried cakes, oyster stew and crackers, or popcorn and apples. It did not make

a great deal of difference what she had prepared. Young people who had had such strenuous exercise welcomed any kind of lunch.

The skating season never lasted a great while. Usually a week would be about the limit. We then turned to other means of entertainment.

Living on a farm, we had a number of horses. At times, if they were not working, they got rather frisky and needed a little exercise to tame them down, so once in a while father consented to us going for a sleighride. My brothers would fill the sleigh box with straw and plenty of blankets and go to some of our friends' houses for the evening. The horses, of course, had strings of bells which rang out on the clear cold air, and there was always a lot of singing as we went gliding along the road.

Our house was a popular place for young people. This meant that we had many gatherings and parties. The hotel had three fireplaces, which made it comfortable for entertaining the year round. We did a good deal of entertaining during the holidays. We had Hallowe'en parties, Thanksgiving, New Years, May Day, birthday dinners, and usually some showers for the prospective brides.

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The girls vied with each other on these occasions as to who would come out in the prettiest gown, corsage, slippers and other apparel. There were never any secrets revealed. Everyone was kept in the dark until we appeared at the party. The hotel was always decorated with decorations appropriate for whatever the occasion might be. I think we got more of a thrill getting ready for Hallowe'en parties than any other. We went to great pains in having the pumpkins, cornstalks, autumn leaves, subdued lights, witches and all that went for making fun. We were invited a lot and that meant we had to entertain on quite a large scale. It was not uncommon for us to have a hundred guests at our parties.

The piano and harp usually furnished the music for our parties. We all seemed to like that combination the best. We liked it much better than the old violin used for our parties while the hotel was being built.

We would dance for hours, never seeming to tire. With the strains of “Home Sweet Home” there was always a feeling of regret, for we knew that meant the breaking up of another evening's fun.

One day after we had given one of our big parties, and had received a good many compliments, we girls, Tean, Elizabeth, Bunch and I, were sitting in the living room, discussing the girls, and, of course, the young men—the dancing and things in general. Father was, or we took it for granted 186 that he was, reading the newspaper. He laid his paper aside and came over where we were having a lot of fun talking, and repeated Robert Burns’ O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us To see oursels as other see us It wad frae monie a blunder free us And foolish notion: What airs in dress an’ gait wad lea'e us, And ev'n devotion.

Well, a the slang phrase of today goes, that took the wind out of our sails. To think that just at the time when we thought we had about reached the peak of popularity, our own father would repeat such a thing. He was like that, though. He never wanted his girls to feel that they were terribly important or in any way superior to others. There was a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes when he said it. We did not have to ask him to repeat it. We had heard it before and knew exactly the thought he intended to convey.

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ROSE AND I

Being the youngest, the last branch of our family tree, I was pretty much a shadow to my mother. I went with her if she went to feed the chickens. Whenever there were turkeys that seemed dumpy, I helped her to doctor them. In the spring when the hens were setting,

we would take warm water out to the chicken coop and float the eggs. That meant when the hens had been setting a couple of weeks, we would put the eggs in warm water. If the chickens were alive in the shell, the eggs would bob around in the water. If there were no chickens, the eggs would not move. I loved to do this, for if the eggs made much of a stir we would soon be having little chicks coming out of the shell.

If mother went to the garden to work, I was by her side and helped pull the weeds, although I often pulled up by mistake some of her choice flowers. She was always very patient with me and would explain the difference between the flowers and the weeds.

There was one thing I did that made my mother shrink from me. At a certain time of the year little pale green worms infested the currant 188 bushes. I loved to hold them in my hand and watch them measure their way across. We called them measuring worms. Mother objected seriously to my playing with worms, but there was a fascination which was hard to resist. When I thought she was not looking, I would slip out of the house and run to the currant bushes to see if my little green friends were still there.

One day I went running down to my favorite currant bush to look for my little worms. I picked up one of the branches to look underneath for them, and what should I find but our old bronze turkey hen. It certainly startled me, but she did not seem to mind me. She knew me well for I had been around her a lot and had never made any trouble for her. She had selected that particular spot for her nest, and intended to stay there until she hatched out her family of poults. I kept away from her nest, for turkeys like to be quiet when they are setting. How patiently I waited for the day when she would come strutting along with her babies. The old turkey hen was much stronger than I, but she never was the least bit cross with me.

I will mention the day when I started to school. Mother combed my hair very carefully, put on a clean pinafore and sunbonnet, and handed me my little lunch basket. She then took me by the hand and walked with me as far as the gate. She explained to me that I

was five years old and getting to be a big girl and must start to school. She 189 kissed me good-bye and told me to be a good girl, and that I was soon to meet Nancy, my first teacher, who was to be my guardian for the days to come. The time had come when I must leave my playmates, Curley our Irish setter, and my doll Rose, to take up the more serious things of life.

Rose was one of my most prized possessions. She seemed as real to me as a child does to its mother. I never tired of playing with her. She had a china head, dark hair; blue eyes, and red cheeks.

Rose lived a very eventful and useful life. She helped to entertain Sidney and me when we were children, and assisted in the upbringing of all my other nieces and nephews. She crossed the Rocky Mountains twice, and now reposes in a box in the cedar chest. Through the years of toil, she wore out all of her clothes. It irks me to see her in a state of nudity and some day I hope to find the time to make her a new wardrobe, patterned after the styles of her childhood days.

When rose and I were young, one of the things I loved to do when it was raining was to go to the beautiful grove of maple trees, a short distance from the house, and see how long we could stay without a drop of rain falling on us. Rose and I had a perfect understanding. Another thing I liked to do was to have mother fix a little lunch, then go to the grove and have a tea party.

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In the summer time when it was real warm, mother sometimes took her knitting or sewing to the grove. There was nearly always a nice breeze, and there were rustic chairs, hammocks and seats, which made it an ideal place to rest, work or play. To me, this was a real party.

Another of our pets was our little bird Peter. He was a sleek little lemon-colored canary. His cage hung by the window not far from where the old hop vine grew which was a haven

for birds. Many birds built their nests in it. Peter loved to look out of the window and watch the birds build their nests, then wait for the birds to come out of their shells and nurtured by the mothers. He seemed to think he had a part in taking care of the little ones, for he would sit on his perch and sing as though his little throat would burst. He seemed especially fond of mother. She was always the one to see that his cage was covered at night and uncovered in the morning. The minute she took the cover from his cage, he would hop from one side to the other and sing her a song. That seemed to be his way of thanking her for uncovering the cage. It was a joy to see such happiness to start the day. Peter liked sugar like the rest of us. We would touch our tongue to a little sugar and he would hop to the side of the cage and pick it off, grain by grain. Some people claim that you could not have a cat and a bird in the same house. Tabby never paid any attention to Peter only to listen to him sing.

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Peter was the only bird we ever had. He lived to be quite old and when he died mother wrapped him in cotton batting, put him in a little tin box and we buried him under one of mother's favorite rose bushes.

We children grieved so over Peter, I think mother thought it would be better if we did not have any more birds.

Jack was our strong big brindle bulldog. Evelyn and I liked him so well; we really felt that he was our own pet. Jack was a ferocious-looking dog, but kindness itself. I believe mother would have trusted Jack to go any place with us. His first duty of the day was to get us to school safely. He plodded along as faithfully as though he was a high salaried officer, and I doubt very much if he would have allowed any harm to come to us. If he had ever given anyone a savage look, I know that would have settled any difficulty. At the least thing, Jack's eyes would snap, the hair along his spine would begin to rise, and he could give a low growl of warning—and no one would have thought of trying to laugh that off.

Jack liked to play as well as being on duty as a body guard. We had a harness and sled for him and he would haul us along and got just as much fun out of it as we did. After playing a while, if he got tired he would lie down. We might just as well unhitch him, for he was through for the day. He was just as decided about things as a person. We had enough respect for Jack so that 192 we never tried to force him to do anything that seemed distasteful to him. Jack didn't like people if they seemed to look at all unusual. He didn't like peddlers and they did not like the looks of him either. All we had to say was, “Watch him, Jack!” That put Jack on duty as long as it was necessary, for any intruder would never get past the gate. Could anyone help but love and respect a kind, homely old dog like that? I don't believe they could.

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MINISTERS AND MISSIONARIES

Father and mother were raised in a very religious atmosphere, my ancestors having been affiliated with the Presbyterian church through many generations. They valued religious training very highly, and thought that it was as necessary as any branch of study. This was a problem that was hard for them to solve. They were both very eager to have a Sunday school we could attend. There were several other families in the community who wanted church and Sunday school the same as my parents, but there seemed to be no place suitable or available in which the religious work could be carried on.

Amy Blackmer, the postmistress in our little village, and her sister-in-law, Eliza Hayden, also recognized the need of a Sunday school, and endeavored to see what they could do to further the cause.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad had very recently extended their lines to Mackinaw City, and had just finished building a new depot in our village. It dawned on Eliza that the new depot might be used on Sunday for Sunday school. She took the matter

up with the superintendent of 194 the railroad, and he gave her permission to use the depot each Sunday for the purpose of holding religious services.

Of course we had no pulpit. Eliza used a new barrel for that purpose. There were no pews, but there were benches which were quite comfortable. The hymn books had no musical notes, so we did not need an organ or piano. I have often wondered how we kept the tune, but we sang just the same. At last my parents' wishes were granted and we had the opportunity of attending Sunday school and we received the training they were so anxious for us to have.

We appreciated Eliza's efforts in organizing the Sunday school, and were very regular and punctual in our attendance.

The superintendent of the railroad was so impressed by Eliza's devotion and determination to carry on, each Christmas he sent her a big wooden pail of Christmas candy to be distributed among her pupils. This, the first Sunday school, was organized and has been carried on for over sixty years.

About the time Eliza was so successfully conducting our Sunday school, a young Presbyterian missionary, John Redpath, was sent to Petoskey to organize churches and schools. He became interested in our efforts to promote religious training and worked with Eliza.

The young missionary worked hard and organized enough Sunday schools throughout this part 195 of the country so that an assistant was sent to help with the work. The assistant was John J. Cook, a very fine character who had been a chaplain in the Civil War.

With all the problems of pioneering, he recognized the need for spiritual advice. There were no autos, and he did not have even a horse and buggy, so Rev. Cook walked mile to minister to the sick, preach funeral sermons and give encouragement to those who were

discouraged. There were times when he would be called upon to decide cases where some argument had become quite serious.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad appreciated the efforts of the missionaries in trying to carry on their work and they made rules giving special rates to those engaged in that field. This was a wonderful help. While the railroad could not always take them to the exact place they wanted to go, it saved them miles of walking.

After Rev. Cook had been in the community for some time, he obtained permission from the School Board to hold church services and Sunday school in the schoolhouse. While the depot had answered the purpose very nicely for the beginning of religious work, the schoolhouse was better equipped and more adequate to take care of the number of people who were attending the services.

Rev. Cook worked faithfully among the pioneers, and the congregation grew until the schoolhouse was overcrowded. He could see the need of 196 a church and discussed the problem with the church members. They decided that a church could be built if the members and other people in the community would help.

At the time our little village was laid out, the parties who owned the greater part of the land were able to foresee the need of a church in the community, and were kind enough to set aside two lots to be used for church purposes. It was a great help not to have to spend money for a church site. Rev. Cook, with members in the church and people in the community who were interested in a church, pledged material, paint, brick, labor, and it was not very long until Rev. Cook had a real church in which to conduct religious services.

The little church was dedicated and the community felt a real pride in realizing that the dream of having a church had really come true. The summer people who visited here took a keen interest in it and they still remain loyal in their support, both financially and in attendance.

The community remained very loyal to Rev. Cook and helped him in every possible way. After the struggle to get a church, we appreciated it enough to lend our assistance and presence at all church meetings.

The railroad superintendent continued sending candy to the Sunday school as long as he lived. After he was gone, a gentleman from Chicago took this responsibility on, so we are still receiving 197 candy from outside for the Sunday school at Christmas time.

Rev. Cook was a person whom everyone respected. If he reprimanded any of us children, we had been taught that any advice he gave was for our benefit ad that we must never enter into any argument with him.

After the shingle and sawmills closed out their business here there were a good many vacant houses for sale. They could be bought very reasonably, for the owners were moving away and were glad to get almost any amount of money for them. On account of lumber being so cheap at that time, they were all built of very good material. People conceived the idea of purchasing a lot and moving the houses to whatever locality they wanted to live. My father bought two of the houses and moved them across the lake to our property. He remodeled them and they were used in connection with the hotel.

The school children thought it was a lot of fun to play tag and pussy-wants-a-corner in the houses while they were being moved, so the minute school was dismissed the pupils moved in and took possession of the moving house. Rev. Cook saw what was going on and came to the house where we were playing and explained to us that he thought it was rather dangerous for us to play there. We were very sorry that our fun had to end, but we all took it for granted that Rev. Cook knew what was best, so we discontinued our play 198 and there was no hard feeling. He had the good will of all of us and we never cared to do things to offend him or hurt his feelings in any way.

Rev. Cook and his good wife, Mary, remained in our community and were our spiritual advisers as long as they lived. Mary was always very active in the church work. She taught the class I was in for years. I was very fond of both of them and spent a great deal of time at their house. Rev. Cook became very feeble and was unable to carry the responsibility as minister, but he remained very loyal to the community and assisted in every way possible as long as he lived.

When Rev. Cook became too feeble to carry on, Rev. George Weaver, a missionary sent out by the American Sunday School Union, came to our aid. The last time I had a visit with Rev. Weaver, he told me he had traveled a distance so great it would have taken him around the world three times. Rev. Weaver has endured hardships the same as Rev. Redpath, Rev. Cook and the pioneers. He came into this country with delicate health. During the early years of life his travelling was nearly all done by foot. If people were not hospitable enough to invite him to meals, he went without. He mentioned that there were times during his early missionary work that he would be so hungry and exhausted he was compelled to lie down at the side of the road and rest. Oftentimes he was overtaken by night. When he would stop at different places, the houses were so small 199 he was compelled to sit up all night, but he felt thankful for whatever shelter he could find. It does not seem possible that any person, not even a missionary, could face such hardships as did Rev. Weaver. I don't think he ever refused to go any place, regardless of distance, if people needed his spiritual advice or comfort. He finally had the advantage of reduced rates for ministers, where he could travel on the railroads, but there was a great deal of his territory that could not be reached in that way. The time came when he could afford a horse and buggy. After automobiles came into use he finally got a car, which has been a great help. After fifty-eight years of faithful work, he has spent two years in Florida. Rev. Weaver is now considerably over eighty years old. He has been retired for a number of years, but he is still a missionary and is just as enthusiastic over the work as though he was just starting out in a new field of adventure.

LUMBERING

I am sure it would be unfair not to mention more of our business activities. I have spoken of my father and brothers being in the lumber business, but few could realize what lumbering meant in this part of the country without the rich experience of having lived through it.

I shall, in a small way, try to describe a little of the lumbering business in this locality.

In most of the cases the lumbermen bought the timber rights. That is, the lumbermen were allowed to go onto the land and have the privilege of cutting all of the merchantable timber of all varieties, or perhaps the agreement was that they were only to cut maple, beech or hemlock, or timber of a certain size. When the timber was taken off, whatever the contract called for, the land, of course, belonged to the owner.

After, whatever the agreement was and fully understood by both parties, the lumberman would take possession and start erecting buildings, usually of logs. There would be one building called the men's camp, where the workmen would live and sleep. That building would have built-in bunks filled with straw, also blankets and pillows. 201 There was always a large stove, for the men usually returned in the evening with damp or wet mittens and socks which must be dried before going to work the next day. Sometimes the odor was not too nice, but the men were used to that. The buildings were always equipped and made as comfortable as possible for they were to be the home for the workmen for several months of the coldest weather during the year. There was a separate building called the cook's shanty. As the cook usually had a family and the wife usually assisted with cooking, the whole family would move into the woods for the winter. The cook's building was usually built with the idea in view of part of it being used for a dining room for the workmen. The tables were long and narrow, scrubbed and kept very clean. Benches were used instead of chairs. The men were not allowed to talk while they were eating, only to ask for food. Too much talking was apt to lead up to arguments or fights and end in hard feeling.

The food was the best that could be bought. The camps started into the winter with enough provisions to stock a small store. There were bushels of potatoes, rutabagas, turnips, carrots, navy beans, cabbage and whole carcasses of beef and pork, also dried herring, salmon, codfish and salt mackerel. There were dried apples, apricots, peaches, raisins and prunes, pails of jelly and quantities of rice and tapioca. Oftentimes they had a cow or two to provide milk for cooking and 202 drinking. Condensed milk or dried milk were scarce during the early years of lumbering here. The cooks were experienced in their line of work and they knew how to combine food so that it was very palatable. Many of the workmen came out of the woods in the spring, wearing a heavy beard, fat, and apparently in the best physical condition. At different times I have had a chance to go to the woods with my father of brothers. I have never tasted more delicious pies, raisin pies, cakes, cookies and bread than was served us. The men worked hard and they were never begrudged the best food and all the comforts that could possibly be furnished them in the way of camp equipment.

There were several other buildings aside from the ones just mentioned. There were stables, blacksmith shops, and often stores which sold candy, gum, tobacco, pipes and some wearing apparel, such as socks, mittens, shoe packs and rubbers. The camps were usually in remote sections and there was a constant need for different articles. The lumber companies considered it good business to keep a supply of goods for sale. It saved the men losing time going to the stores and also brought an extra income to the company.

In speaking of lumbering, some might think that cutting down the trees and hauling them to the mills constituted the lumber business; such is not the case, for there is a diversity of trades connected with it. I have spoken of the cooks. There are teamsters, harness repairs, road 203 gangs, sawyers, blacksmiths, chore boys and barn men, men for filing the saws and keeping the axes in repair. The two latter jobs required exacting work. Father did a good deal of his own work. The stone-boats, ax helves, ox yokes, whiffletrees, sleigh runners, plow handles and many other articles were products of his own workshop. He

took particular pains in selecting material of the greatest strength. The ox yokes were made of maple. They required a lot of work, for they must be made so they fitted right, and sandpapered so they were as smooth as glass, for they were heavy and it would never have done to have rough spots that would irritate the oxen's necks. The ax helves were usually made of ironwood or maple. These varieties of wood were especially desirable as they grew in our own forest. We always had single and double bitted axes so that necessitated a slightly different pattern for both axes. The first glimpse of the material for different pieces of woodwork looked like any ordinary branch from a tree, but when father got through with his plane, glass and sandpaper, his workmanship was so perfect you could not have told them from articles made in the most efficient factory. Father did not wait until tools were broken. He anticipated the need for such things and tried to keep a reserve stock on hand. This line of work was carried on when it was stormy or rainy, when very little other work could be done. Father, being Scotch, felt that it was a needless expenditure of money 204 to have work done elsewhere when all these articles could be made by himself.

I believe the blacksmiths in the camps had the most equipment to keep in order. There were the sleighs, logging tongs, canthooks, peavies, chains, shovels and many other articles of hardware which I will not attempt to mention, besides keeping the horses well shod and their feet in good condition for traveling.

The teamsters drove the horses which were used for skidding the logs and hauling them to the sidings, where they were placed on flat cars to be taken to the mills or to be cut into lumber. Most of the horses were beautiful animals and fat as butter. Their harnesses were kept oiled so that they looked as though they had just come out of a harness shop. The teamsters took great pride in their teams. They vied with each other as to who would have their harnesses trimmed with the most colored rings and the buckles shining like silver.

Some of the logs were hauled to lakes or rivers, where they were put in booms, to be floated through rivers and lakes to mills. This saved the expense of railroad transportation.

Running a boom was rather a perilous occupation, and it required experts in that line. If the rivers were swift, and they usually were during the season the logs were to be moved on account of the spring rains and melting snow, the logs moved with great rapidity. It was the job of the 205 men to walk along the logs and keep them moving so they would not pile up along the way. If the men had slipped and fallen into the river it would almost have meant drowning. There was one thing that helped the men, and that was their footwear. They wore heavy long boots, which reached nearly to their knees, and laced. The soles had spikes driven into them, which was a great help, and the men used long pike to balance themselves and keep the logs moving.

The lumber companies owned a good many teams but they also hired men who owned their own. Some of the teamsters preferred to feed and take care of their own teams, while others entrusted them to the barn men.

The teams were always well fed and cared for, as the work was hard and the days were long. When they came in at night they got their hay, oats, clean bedding, brushing and currying, then warm blankets, and they were ready for a good night's rest.

If the weather turned warm and it looked as though there might be an early break up, the companies had the teamsters work away into the night to get the logs out of the woods. The lumbering activity was carried on entirely with horses as there were no motor trucks in those days.

The road gang kept the roads in good condition. They kept the holes filled up with snow, then they used sprinklers which flooded them with water which, when frozen, made the roads very slippery. 206 The horses were sharply shod, and with the iced roads the hauling was much easier for the horses. The loads of logs consisted of thirty or forty logs, depending on the size. It took experienced teamsters to guide the teams with sleighs loaded to the limit. They took every precaution to see that the chains were adjusted tightly and properly. If one of the chains had broken, it might have cost the teamster his life or

meant death to the beautiful team. These men were just as proud of their horses as men are today of their automobiles.

It was a sight to stand by the road and watch the procession of teams go by—the big loads of logs and the well-groomed horses, with their drivers using such care in guiding them through safely.

During lumbering operations the woods echoed with the sound of sleighbells, axes, saws, and orders from the foreman. The rhythm and precision with which the workmen moved and worked seemed to be measured, as though they were being directed by one of the Old Masters, with a baton in his hand, and to the strains of music.

The woods presented quite a picture when the work was going on. The workmen liked the most brilliant colors and seemed to select the brightest colored clothes they could find. The shirts were of the brightest color in plaids. The trousers were usually oxford gray, a very heavy all-wool material 207 which shed water and snow, and known among the workmen as soo pants. The caps were blue, red, or brown, depending on the choice of the wearer. The jackets, or mackinaws, were very bright plaids and made of very heavy material. They were very similar to the sport jackets people are wearing today. The men needed warm clothing, for the thermometer often went as low as forty degrees below zero.

The bright colors, beautiful horses, oxen and dogs, with the white snow for a background, made a picture which would have been hard for the ablest artist to produce.

Some of the men would go into the camps in the fall and never leave that location until the camps broke up in the spring. Some of the men had families and they would return to their homes. Others would go to the cities and stay until their winter's earnings were spent, then look for other employment, almost any line of work they could do, until it was time for the camps to open up in the fall.

Library of Congress

The lumberjacks were a class by themselves. They liked the woods better than any other place and nearly all nationalities were represented. As a rule they had hearts of gold and a code of honor all their own.

If one of their fellow workmen was in trouble, the others rallied to his side. Occasionally there was sickness or death in some of their families. 208 You should have seen how quickly a hat would be passed around, and the way money would be dropped into it to meet extra expense was marvelous.

Many might think the lumberjacks longed for entertainment during the months they were practically isolated from their families and friends, but they did not seem to mind being in the woods.

In nearly every camp there were those who liked to clog, tell stories, sing, and recite poetry. There was a various amount of talent along musical lines. Those who were fond of music usually brought a guitar, mandolin, banjo, violin, accordion, harmonica or jews-harp to camp. From these instruments they had a lot of entertainment.

The mythical Paul Bunyan stories never seemed to grow old, as there was always a certain amount of humor in each one.

I happened to hear the following story told. The lumber company hired a new cook. She was very large and had the strength almost equal to a giant. The first day Bertha was on the job, she went out to blow the dinner horn to call the men in to dinner. She blew so hard that she blew down a lot of the trees, and they were compelled to dehorn her!

The camps each winter had a new crew, so that meant stories of different adventures and experiences. The men played different card games, which also gave them considerable entertainment.

Song

Come all ye shanty boys and listen I'll sing to you a song, It's all about the shanty boys And how they get along. It's all about the shanty boys So merry and so free, Who spend their winters lumbering And cutting down the trees.

The choppers and sawyers They lay the timber low. The swampers and the skidders They haul it to and fro. Along come the teamsters just at the break of day To load the logs upon the sleigh And haul them all away.

Some have left their friends and homes Their wives and children dear. Others left their sweethearts And to the forests they do steer. Waiting, waiting for the springtime When we will be more free. Then we'll all go down to our old town And have a jamboree.

At times the lumberjacks were rough among themselves, but they were gentlemen if there were any ladies about.

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In my younger years, I saw a great deal of lumbering and mills which, of course, also meant a great many lumbermen. I have always felt very kindly towards them. I found them, as a whole, good citizens with a great deal of respect for their fellowmen.

The saddest thing to me about the lumbering business was the way our forests were left. I have often wondered how the lumbermen who did business on a large scale felt when they had finished their winter's work and saw the desolate place left by their woods operation. The most regrettable fact was that our beautiful forests were cut away, never to be fully restored.

I appreciate having had the privilege of living through the lumbering days. It was an event that could never be forgotten, but I also regret that the natural resources could not have

been conserved and protected so that we and the coming generations could enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the original forests.

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THE GREAT TRAGEDY

The village had one sawmill left after all the other mills had moved away. The owners and employees were known for miles around. The old night watchman, who had been a lumberjack most of his life, was very popular with the young boys. They enjoyed gathering at the mill evenings to hear the thrilling experiences of lumbering and camp life. His stories were particularly interesting to the boys from the city for they had never heard of such things as he was able to tell. Oftentimes the stories were so interesting and weird and impossible that the boys hesitated to start out in the dark for home. After they reached home safely, they forgot the most terrifying parts of the stories and were just as eager to go back the next night to hear more.

The mill furnished another service besides its regular work. The whistle blew so regularly that everyone went to work by it. It blew a few minutes before starting time in order for the employees to know that they should soon be on the job. School children depended upon it to get to school on time. People for miles around set their clocks by the whistle. Even Bob, our faithful 212 horse, knew that when the twelve o'clock whistle blew for the men to go to dinner, he also could go and have his noon meal. There was no fooling with Bob, for if he saw the least lull in the work he would start for the barn.

One day in June, which seemed like a perfect day, there was not a cloud in the sky, not a breath of air stirring, the lake was like a beautiful big mirror and the men were returning to the mill to begin their afternoon work as usual. We heard a hissing sound, followed with a report as though blasting was going on. We rushed to the windows in time to see a volume of smoke and steam coming from the sawmill. The boiler had exploded. This rocked and shocked the whole community. Some who heard it thought it was an earthquake. When

the excitement cleared away so a check could be made, it was found that two men were killed and several injured. One of the men who was killed had his marriage license in his pocket and the other one had only been married a short time.

As there were no telephones or radios to broadcast the news, the *Petoskey Independent,* a weekly newspaper, put out an extra edition, 9 by 12 inches, and mailed it to all of their subscribers, telling them of the terrible tragedy which had occurred in Conway, Mich.

This disaster was terrible shock to the owners of the mill not only because of the loss of life and injury to others but because of the heavy property 213 loss. There was no life or accident insurance on either the men or property. This placed quite a responsibility on them, especially the problem of family finances. They finally decided to help defray the burial and doctor bills, which in a way relieved the financial burden of the families.

The pioneers never courted disaster so how could they forsee such a catastrophe, but they were brave fellows and were not going to be downed. They set about repairing the mill and it was not long until we were able to welcome the sound of the mill whistle.

The mill operated a good many years, but the owners finally sold out and went to Oregon, where lumbering could be done on a larger scale.

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THE OLD GRAY TELESCOPE

One year after the logging camps were closed in the spring, a young Polish boy came to our house. He had no money or home and was very anxious to have a place to stay. Father thought that with the spring work coming on he might be able to give him employment, so he had him stay. Frank was a worker, honest, and proved to be a pretty good fellow. He remained at our home for a number of years. Frank had not been with us very long before mother discovered that he could neither read nor write. She told him that would never do and that he could never get along in the world without some education.

Mother decided to see what she could do about it. She hunted up some of my school books. She taught him the alphabet first. It was not long until he could put the letters together to form small words. She taught him the rudiments of arithmetic and how to write.

Frank was an apt pupil and eager to learn. With mother's faithful and careful tutoring, she got a poor homeless boy so he could read and write and have quite an understanding of arithmetic. How proud Frank was of these accomplishments. I don't believe a boy ever felt more 215 grateful to another person than Frank did to mother. He learned what a good home, kindness and patience meant.

Frank grew very fond of our family, but he finally left to take up other work. After leaving our home he moved some distance away and was eventually married, but he often came drifting back to make us a visit.

In our home there was room set aside for the hired man. We always had hired help, for there was more work than father and my brothers could do alone.

One time a big red-faced fellow came along looking for work. He carried a big gray telescope. You no doubt have seen them. They were made of heavy cardboard and covered with a cheap grade of cotton material. Gray seemed to be the most popular color used.

The top and bottom of the telescope were exactly alike, except the top was slightly larger than the bottom, allowing the upper part to slip over the lower one. A few articles or many could be carried in a telescope. There were two straps for fastening it together. When the lower half was filled, the capacity could then be doubled. All that was required in packing was to have the cover overlap the lower part by an inch or more, then the straps held it together securely. In those days telescopes were used in place of the duffle bags or suitcases we have today. I think this fellow's telescope was expanded to the limit for the straps 216 would hardly reach around it. We also thought he had put on some weight since his suit was purchased, for the buttons and buttonholes looked badly strained.

Brown seemed to be his favorite color, for his suit, derby and shoes all matched. His shoes were good looking, although he walked as though they were a little small. He really was what some might call a dandy. However, he was assigned to his quarters. In his room there was a little opening into the attic, which provision was made in case of fire.

It was the duty of Elizabeth and Evelyn to see that the hired man's room was kept in order the same as the others.

In the course of time, the hired man got his telescope unpacked and his possessions in quite an orderly state. He had a glossy-looking covering for his derby, with a draw string; when this was fitted over his derby, it made a fine cover to keep the dust off when it was not being worn.

In the days of derbies, ladies wore gossamers on rainy days. The material in the derby cover was very much the same as that used for gossamers.

Elizabeth and Evelyn, with me tagging after them, went upstairs to do the room work. When we saw the derby cover we could not resist examining it, for we had never seen anything like it before. We even took it off the derby and tried it on to see how we would look in it. While giving it this very careful examination, Tabby, the cat, came upstairs. We conceived the idea at once 217 of trying the derby cover on Tabby to see how she would look in a gossamer. We had visions of her stalking along in the wet grass looking for game and wearing a gossamer. We got it fitted on to her in nice shape. We had the string tied around her neck and we thought he really looked quite stylish. We set her down on the floor to admire her, when all of a sudden she made for the hole in the ceiling and was up in the attic before we could get either her or the derby cover. We just stood aghast. We could not get into the attic to get her, and she was either so frightened or disgraced she would not come down when we called her. There was Tabby gone with the derby cover. We did not know what to do. How were we to explain the affair to mother and, much worse, the hired man? Elizabeth and Evelyn took more time and care in doing the room work than

they ever had before. Mother could not imagine what could be keeping them upstairs, for it had never taken them so long before. She did not know that we were hoping and longing for Tabby to come down from the attic. She eventually came down, but she never brought the derby cover, and none of us said anything about it.

That man worked for father a long time, but the deep dark secret of the derby cover was never divulged to anyone, not even mother. Tabby lived a long time, but she never brought the cover back or in any way intimated where it was. When she died she took the secret with her and none of us ever mentioned it to anyone.

218

SPRING

Every spring we eyed with keen interest the disappearance of the ice in the lake.

In March when the sun commenced to rise earlier, the sun's rays were warmer and the days longer, the winds lashed at the lake cutting into the ice and making it honeycombed. Then was when my father and brothers always had a bet as to when the ice would disappear. The stakes were never very high, but they got a lot of fun out of it. At different times when they thought the ice was nearly gone, the wind would shift and the ice would float back and forth several times before disappearing. This was a condition which made the betting interesting. Some years a warm rain would come, and if the ice was in a certain condition it would sink from view in just a few hours. After seeing the lake locked in ice for so many months, we welcomed the sight of the clear water.

With the ice going out, that meant that the bull-heads would soon be biting. At this season of the year most of the people in the village and surrounding country took advantage of the fishing. Some of those who liked fish had not tasted any 219 all winter and were particularly anxious to get some, even though they were bullheads. The bridge near the village, which spanned the creek flowing into the lake, was filled with men and women, for it seemed as though there were always just as many women who enjoyed the bullhead

season as men. It was a lot of fun fishing for bullheads, although they were nasty to take off the hooks on account of their fangs. One nearly has to be an expert in handling them or you could get a bad jab from their fangs; and unless it was taken care of almost immediately; infection could very easily set in.

None of our family liked bullheads, but it was such fun fishing for them we liked to go. There were always people fishing who did not seem to have much luck in catching them; in such cases we would distribute our catch among the less fortunate.

It was at the bullhead season that all sorts of tales were told. Perhaps some of the fishers had not seen each other all winter. In such a case many events had taken place in some of the families and this gathering gave them an opportunity to impart all sorts of information to their eager listeners. At times, one of the men found a new chewing tobacco that was better than any he had ever used, so he came prepared to let his friends sample it to bear out his claim. Some of the women brought products from their own kitchen so they could exchange recipes, which was quite a source 220 of satisfaction. Perhaps some had had an addition to the family since the last bullhead season, and that of course was interesting to everyone.

The fishing was always done in the evening. There were very few in the crowd who had not caught more bullheads than anyone else, and some had caught larger ones than anyone had ever heard about, but this was always considered a part of the bullhead sport.

There was a train that came through our village about eleven o'clock. When we heard it, we considered it a signal for us to start for home, so we never really knew just when the fishing party broke up.

The frogs put in their appearance about the same time as the bullheads, but no one paid much attention to them. They were not considered as much of a delicacy as the bullheads.

Everyone seemed to class them as a sort of nuisance, there were so many of them and they made so much noise.

I shall mention here the impression our beautiful little lake made on one of our summer visitors. He was a summer resident here for years and owned a summer home. He said that when he got off the train, the first thing he did was to take a long breath and admire the lake. He told me it was always hard to keep the tears back when he did this, for it was like a very dear friend welcoming him home.

221

We always considered the crow a harbinger of spring. The first one that put in its appearance was a signal to get the syrup equipment ready for making syrup, which meant a lot of work.

After father found what maple syrup meant to the family budget, he replaced the original wooden troughs with five hundred new tin buckets. When he was through using them in the spring they were thoroughly washed and greased to prevent them from rusting. This necessitated their being washed just as carefully before being used again, for there must not be a particle of grease of any kind in the syrup. While the Indians hung a piece of fat meat in their kettles while the sap was boiling to keep it from running over, father never used this method. He liked his syrup pure. The old iron kettle which was used in our early days for boiling the sap was replaced by galvanized pans which held about sixty-two gallons of sap. Sixty-gallon oak barrels were used for storing the sap before boiling into syrup. When all of this equipment was gathered together it made quite a moving.

After the old iron kettles were discarded it was necessary to build arches of stone to support the new pans while the syrup was boiling. The arches usually required some repairing before being used each spring, and father usually estimated that it would take about thirty cords of wood to keep the fires burning.

222

There was a lot of work connected with syrup making, but we all enjoyed every minute of it. If the sap was running good it was necessary to empty the buckets three or four times a day. Some people who made syrup gathered the sap by hand. They wore a yoke which fitted over the shoulders and ropes which fastened to the pails. This method was little easier as the shoulders bore the weight of the load rather than the arms. Our sugar bush was too large to gather the sap by hand. Father used a stone boat. This was two heavy runners made of wood and fastened together with boards. On this was a platform which held two or three barrels. The oxen were used for hauling this boat, but Tom and Charley were sold and then father used the horses. This saved hours of hard work. At the beginning of the season the snow was deep in the woods and very hard to walk through.

During the peak of the season it was necessary to boil sap day and night. The season for making maple syrup is short and we did not want to lose a drop of precious sap.

It was really fun to be in the woods at night. The fire was bright and warm and sometimes it was very bright moonlight. It was very quiet and aside from the noise the woods animals and owls made, there was not a sound, only the drip, drip, drip of the sap into the buckets.

When it was necessary to boil the sap at night, two or three would go to the bush to take care of 223 it, and we made a picnic of the occasion. We would fix up a lunch of coffee, sandwiches, fried cakes, cookies or whatever we happened to have on hand. You could never imagine how delicious these things tasted. Being out in the night air whetted our appetites so that we did not need a tonic to make us eat.

When father was in the sugar bush we always made a lunch in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon and took it out to him. We always enjoyed the little chats we had with him while he was boiling sap.

After the sap was boiled to quite a thick consistency in the woods, it was brought to the house, reheated and put into receptacles for storing.

I believe father got more enjoyment out of making syrup than from any other work he ever did. I don't believe he was ever happier than when he and his grandchildren were in the woods gathering the sap to make the rich golden maple syrup. Here they had an opportunity to study nature to their hearts' content. He taught them the names of all the trees, the habits of birds and woods animals, and the different varieties of plant life. They even learned what leeks and wild turnip tasted like, for he never discouraged their inquisitiveness when they wanted to find out for themselves how they tasted. We did not mind the wild turnip, but oh the leeks! It seemed as though when they ate them the odor from their breaths almost drove us out of the house. Father, though, wanted 224 them to learn all they could while they were in the woods with him. It was not uncommon to see the deer running through the woods and stopping to get a cold drink of sap from the buckets. We never objected to this for it made us think of Sappho and how much she would have enjoyed being there with us.

The forest was beautiful in the spring. The ground looked as thought it was covered with a green carpet, with the green foliage and the flowers peeping out between the green leaves. There were adders-tongue, jack-in-the-pulpit, trillium, boys-and-girls, Johnny-jump-up, bloodroot, and countless other flowers. Could children visit grandparents where they could have a happier time? We, before them, had lived through very happy days in those same woods.

In the fall of the year we, with other children, roamed the woods hunting for beech nuts. It was a scurry to see who would get the most, we or the squirrels and chipmunks.

Most of the forest still stands and we still make maple syrup there. The birds and woods animals claim it as their home. It is a very interesting place to visit, especially if you are fond of nature. Every year many people ask for permission to walk through the place so that they might enjoy the peace and quiet which is waiting for those who love the great outdoors.

225

THE BIG HOLE

There were quite a number of hills around our home. Our house was built on one overlooking the lake. From our back yard there was a slope leading down to a depression in the earth, making quite a basin. This we called the Big Hole.

Every spring when the snow melted, the Big Hole filled with water. There was one rivulet which flowed into it that was larger than the rest. This we called the Swanee River.

In the spring the Big Hole was alive with frogs. While I was very small mother spent hours of her valuable time staying near the Big Hole so I could watch the frogs as they sang. I loved to hear them sing their song and then leap into the water. I was never allowed there alone. Mother was afraid I might get too near the edge and slip into the water. There was a chance of my being drowned, for it was quite deep.

As I grew older that spot furnished all kinds of amusement for Sidney and me.

Sidney and I had both studied geography, and had quite a knowledge of hills, mountains, rivers and so on. We set about to build our own world. We started with the hole as being the oceans. We 226 built the continents. We had ranges of mountains, hills, peninsulas, rivers with their tributaries, islands and capes. After we got the world built, we found that we must have roads, bridges spanning the rivers and railroads, so these were all mapped out. For years, we spent days playing around the Big Hole. Every spring our world was recreated.

Along in the summer the Big Hole dried up so there was not a drop of water in it. We then had to take to the big lake to carry out our plans for our imaginary world, but I don't think we ever enjoyed it as much as we did the Big Hole.

Winter in pioneer days brought fun to the youngsters, as well as the summer. The family had not been living on the homestead long when my brothers found an old canoe, abandoned by the Indians. They brought it home with the idea of using it on the lake, but upon close examination they found it was not fit for lake purposes. They thought it might be repaired, but finally had to discard that idea. This could not give up the idea that the canoe was entirely useless, and finally decided that it could be made safe enough to coast downhill in. They dug a trench in the snow from the highest hill to the lake. This was perfect for coasting. The trench became frozen and slippery and the canoe would go gliding away out on the lake and served the purpose of a toboggan. I believe there was just a much fun 227 riding in it as there ever could be on a toboggan, and with much less risk of being hurt.

Pioneer children were obliged to be resourceful when it came to amusement for they could not have money to spend on play equipment. There were more important things to spend money on.

Father, my brothers and their friends had a lot of fun pitching quoits. This game did not require the expenditure of money; they used horse shoes for quoits. Father seemed to measure the distance with such precision that it was very difficult to beat him. My brothers would practice until they thought they were almost perfect pitchers, but when father's quoit, pitched with his left hand, went flying through the air, he very seldom missed the mark. He never bragged, but you could tell from that twinkle in his eye that it amused him to be able to beat the younger fellows.

Mother and father encouraged games and fun. They realized that a family of children could not live and thrive without company and a certain amount of pleasure.

A game we all enjoyed was Duck on the Rock. We had a big rock, maybe a foot across. All the players had small rocks as near round as we could find. These we called ducks. We never ceased searching for nice round, smooth rocks to be used as ducks. Before starting

to play, someone volunteered to place their duck on the rock. There was a base so far from the rock. From the base one took their turn in throwing their duck, trying to 228 knock the duck off the rock. Sometimes it was surprising to see how hard it was to get the duck of the rock. The player who was successful in knocking the duck off the rock then put his duck on. It was wonderful exercise. Throwing the duck developed a fine muscles.

We all enjoyed playing ball. What game of ball we played depended on how many wanted to get into the game. Sometimes we played catch. If there were not many around we played One Old Cat. If there were enough players we might try a game of Two Old Cats. There was another game of ball, which required a building, with one player on each side. One would toss the ball over the building; as it was tossed, the party throwing the ball would call to the one on the opposite side, “Anti-anti-I-over.” They would then be on the lookout for the ball and it was up to the player to catch it as it rolled down the roof. This was rather a strenuous game, for you never knew where to look for the ball. It required quick movement and your eyes had to be constantly on the lookout for the ball. I often wonder if children play these games now.

We were a bunch of active children and had to entertain ourselves to quite an extent. There were no moving picture shows, skating rinks, dance halls, bowling alleys, or the dozens of other places of amusement there are today.

I wonder if some might be inclined to think we lived rather an obscure, drab life. I can readily 229 say that we did not. Every minute from sunrise to sunset was taken up with work or some sort of activity.

While we were always reminded that Easter was a very important date from a religious point of view, we were always allowed to celebrate. My brothers usually invited some of their friends for the day.

A week before Easter we started hunting and saving eggs, each one trying to find the largest number during the week. We all kept close watch of the hens, and as quickly as we

heard one cackle, we were off to the coop to get as many eggs as we could possibly find. We would look every place in the barns and sheds in hope of finding some eggs which had been hidden by some of the others. In case we did, finders were keepers. Sometimes the eggs changed hands several times, depending on how well they were hidden.

The weeks previous to Easter, mother would hardly be able to wheedle enough eggs from us for cooking purposes—each one declaring that we had not been able to find an egg. However, she was always good natured about it. She always knew there must be dozens of eggs some place, but she was a good sport and never got out of patience about it. She got along somehow. We all waited until the day before Easter, then baskets of eggs were brought into the kitchen.

We began our Easter celebration Easter morning. That was one time when everyone had all 230 the eggs they wanted. They were poached, boiled, fried or cooked any way to satisfy the several appetites. The boys, of course, always had bets on how many they could eat.

For dinner we did not have eggs. Chicken seemed to be choice for this meal. There was not the variety in preparing the chicken as there had been the eggs for breakfast. It was either baked, fried, or fricasseed with biscuits.

The evening meal was not so elaborate. We served the home-cured ham and eggs, hard boiled and dyed several colors, or plain boiled eggs.

By the end of the day, with the crowd of young people, the reserve stock of eggs was quite depleted, for everyone had had all they could eat and were thoroughly satisfied with the Easter celebration.

231

CHRISTMAS

Library of Congress

Christmas meant more than a day of feasting to us. It was a part of our religion. It was the Day of all Days looked forward to from year to year. Our lives seemed more closely woven together. The explicit faith of the children in Santa Claus was almost beyond understanding. At one of our Christmas celebrations, Jess was selected to take the part of Santa Claus. Father asked her little daughter, Christine, where her mother was. Her reply was, “Why, Grandpa, didn't you know she was out talking to Santa Claus’ reindeer?” Could it be possible for a child's faith to be greater than that? When the children reached the age where they knew the real truth about Santa Claus, they guarded the secret as closely as we had. Every child in the family had the real pleasure of believing in a Santa Claus.

Christmas was reserved solely for the family. About a week before Christmas the cooking and baking plans were made, the Christmas dinner menu was written up and cooking and baking was arranged to carry it out to the letter.

About three days before Christmas, Jim would gather all the nieces and nephews that were available, 232 and with Snap, the faithful Collie, saws and axes, they would start for the forest for the Christmas tree and other decorations. Sometimes they wold have to travel a long distance to get a perfect tree. When they returned, Jim and the older nephews would place the tree by the fireplace, then it was up to the girls to trim it. When the trimming and decorating was completed, it would have been hard to have found another branch or twig on which another gift could have been deposited.

The tree was closely guarded until Christmas. About ten o'clock Christmas morning we would hear the tinkling of sleighbells. Upon looking out we would find that the guests were beginning to arrive. Our good old faithful servant Charley would take the horses, unhitch them, put them in the barn, and give them grain and hay so they would be ready for their homeward trip.

There was a strict rule that there was to be no peeking around the Christmas tree and the gifts were not to be distributed until after dinner was served.

Burns' Grace

Some ha'e meat and canna eat, And some would eat that want it, But we ha'e meat and we can eat And sae the Lord be thankit.

233

Menu—Christmas Dinner

Four or five turkeys, ham, chicken and haggis. Squash, potatoes, gravy and dressing. Jellies, jams and pickles, several varieties. Bread and rolls. Plum pudding, mince pie and shortbread with brightly colored caraway candies on top. Fried cakes, cookies and raisin bread. Tea, coffee and milk. Nuts and candy.

After we had partaken of our lovely dinner, carols were sung and poems recited. At a time when no one was suspecting a thing, bells would be heard in the distance and Santa Claus would emerge from some unexpected corner. The children had lived hours in anticipation of Santa Claus.

After Santa Claus had departed for a visit to some other house, everyone had received their gifts and had opened them, and the shadows had begun to fall, we would have a light lunch and the several families would begin to get ready to start their trek towards home.

As far back as I can remember we had our Christmas celebration. The last one we had before our father was taken from us, forty-two sat down to the table. I can still see his face beaming with the pleasure of having his family around him. 234 No matter what servants we had, they always sat at the table and enjoyed our Christmas feasts.

We were always glad that we had a hotel for we never could see how an ordinary house could have taken care of all the guests we had at Christmas.

Before Christmas, 1948, I happened to be in one of the large grocery and meat markets with clerks who were very alert and seemed to anticipate your wants before you could decide what you did need, efficient to the greatest extent and spotlessly clean. I saw a lovely looking turkey in the case, wrapped in cellophane paper, and thought I saw a tag with sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents marked on it. I had just come from the eye specialist with what I supposed was a pair of up-to-the-minute glasses, and for which I thought I had paid a good price. I opened my handbag, got out my glasses and put them on to make sure I was seeing right. I looked at the price tag from every angle, but all I could see was sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents. I still felt uncertain about the price and finally asked the clerk about that particular turkey. He said, “That one is sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents. We had one that was nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.”

I have kept books a good many years during my life, and I finally figured roughly in my mind what the turkeys which we usually served at our home, usually five, would cost. My calculation was that 235 they would cost almost one hundred dollars, at the present price. Somehow, the thought of nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents for one turkey seemed to throw me off my balance for a minute. I learned against the case and finally passed on to where there were cuts of ham. I purchased a slice. As I went back past the poultry department, the clerk asked me if I would like the sixteen dollar and ninety-five cent turkey. I said, “No, not today.” I had neither the moral nor physical strength to decide on a turkey at that price.

So far as the Christmas dinner was concerned, it was not confined to the family alone. The children always planned a nice dinner for Snap, our collie. They felt that after tramping so far to get a Christmas tree, he had it coming.

Snap was really my little niece's dog. We just stumbled on to him. Jim and I were making a business call at a place where they had a number of little collie puppies. I was fascinated with them. Jim, being a lover of dogs, was just as fascinated as I. The owner, seeing how fond we were of them, told us we could have one. We lost no time in accepting the

offer, and took the puppy home. He was fat as could be and very playful. My little niece, Christine, was about two years old and what a pair they made.

We named the puppy Snap. Christine and Snap grew up together, perfect pals. When she learned to skate, he was right by her side. She would take her sled, and Snap, with his tongue sticking out, 236 would sit up so straight and proud looking, and got just as much fun out of being hauled around on the sled as she did skating. Snap was always in the middle of things with the youngsters. Wherever you saw a group of children, you would also find Snap.

When the man came to collect the dog tax and the children happened to be there, father would wink at him and say, “I believe I won't pay a tax on Snap.” My, what a time! The youngsters would just rise up like an army to fight for Snap's life. While father always intended paying the tax, he always got a lot of fun seeing the children fight and plead for Snap's life.

Snap lived to be fifteen years old so had a good many taxes paid for him. Was he worth it? The children were the ones who could answer that question.

237

WINTER

How eagerly we looked forward to the different seasons of the year, especially spring and fall. Spring brought us the joy of making maple syrup, roaming through the woods in search of flowers, morels, and planting our fertile fields and gardens which would contribute to our living in months to come.

Father always planned on having green peas, new potatoes and strawberries for our Fourth of July dinner.

I often prepare green peas and new potatoes just the same as I thought mother did, but I never seem to get them to taste as they did when I was a child. The peas, of course, were very tender and the potatoes were freshly dug and scraped, and cooked together almost immediately. She let them simmer so all the juice was cooked into the vegetables. She then made a cream sauce, with a very generous amount of butter, which she poured over them. As I look back, nothing could have tasted better.

We has a lovely big patch of strawberries and raspberries. They were delicious in shortcake, plain or in a pie. No one would ever have thought 238 of turning them down, regardless of the way they were prepared.

We always had lots of chicken. They were something that did not have to be stored. We also raised some geese. I never cared particularly for them. I dreaded that hissing sound they made when they came near me. I never knew just what to expect. If geese are inclined to be cross they can give a person a dreadful beating with their wings and they can bite savagely too. I never felt that I could trust the geese the way I could the turkeys.

Father fed the turkeys all the corn and grain they could eat, so by Thanksgiving and Christmas they were in splendid condition for eating.

We raised some guineas. We thought they were fine for keeping the hawks away. We never planned on having more than one guinea dinner a year. They were small, rather hard to prepare for cooking, and it required quite a number for the family.

As the growing season advanced it gave us a smug feeling. We were certain that we would have plenty of food for winter for ourselves and any others who were apt to visit us.

At the time mother and father started their farming operations in northern Michigan, such societies as the Gleaners, Grange and Extension clubs were unknown. The success of the families in managing their affairs depended entirely upon their own resourcefulness.

239

Mother had a drying rack. It was made of pieces of wood with muslin tacked onto the edges. This was put into use early in the summer, and there was not much time until late fall when it was not in use. The morels, which were quite plentiful, were about the first to take their place on the rack. They were cut open and examined very closely for bugs and insects, washed very carefully and spread on the rack to dry as soon as possible after gathering, for they are quite perishable. When they were dried they looked like old driedups chips of wood. Nevertheless, they were carefully stored in cans, the cover fastened securely, and put away for winter use. What a treat it was in the winter to bring out a can of morels, let them soak for a while and have them ready to put into the meat gravy. We never felt sorry when they came onto the table that we had gone to the trouble of drying them.

Mother made delicious raspberry and strawberry preserves by placing the fruit on platters or plates, with a generous amount of sugar, and placing them on the rack. The sun drew the juice from the fruit, and when mixed with the fruit made a delicious rich preserve.

As soon as the green corn was ready for picking, the rack really worked overtime, for gallons of that must be dried to put us through the winter. Country Gentleman was a popular variety for table use. Golden Bantam or Pure Gold did not come onto the market for years after our drying 240 rack was used, and by that time the canning factories were doing a good job of canning corn.

Soon after the season for corn, the apples were ready and they were put on te rack to dry. Mother also dried some pumpkin, but that was not so important, as father had hundreds of those in the root house, which he fed to the stock, so we could get a fresh pumpkin until quite late in the spring for the pies we made.

We never could have gone into the winter without some dried sage. We need that for sage tea in case we had chills or a cold, and when we had turkeys, fowls, venison or pork roasts, it was used in the dressing.

Thyme was nice in soup and gave food a little tang we all liked. Mother liked a little dill to slip into some food she prepared, so our drying rack was considered almost indispensable on our kitchen equipment. At this time no one was using the cold-pack method of canning, and electric coolers were a thing in the dim distance.

With the abundance of strawberries, raspherries, huckleberries, eranberries, apples, pears and plums we never went hungry. Mother did up quarts of preserves and butters. With a family of thirteen, a crock of her delicious preserves did not last a great while. None of it ever got a chance to spoil.

There was a great deal of work connected with the approach of fall. First the crops were harvested. The grains were all cut by hand, using 241 scythes and cradles, and raked by hand. The threshers followed the harvesters. They usually arrived too late to do any threshing, but they counted on our place being a good one to stay all night. This necessitated considerable extra work, but father would always say they had to stay some place, so we always made the best of it. They were a hungry lot of men, so we always arranged to have plenty of good hearty food for them.

After the threshing was cleared away, father sorted out the grain to take to the grist mill to be ground. He liked to have his order placed early so it could be stored away for winter.

The wheat was ground into flour and the middlings brought home for the stock. Buckwheat was ground into flour, and furnished us with delicious buckwheat pancakes which we all relished so much. We liked them served piping hot right off the griddle, with the golden butter mother had packed away in the early fall, while the cows were still eating grass, and our thick rich maple syrup. The yellow corn was used for the corn meal for we liked

the johnny-cake made of the yellow meal. Once in a while we had corn meal mush for breakfast in place of porridge. If there was any mush left over, we liked it fried and served with maple syrup.

By the time father had the grain sorted for milling, it was a good load for a team. It was always a great feeling of satisfaction to my parents to 242 know that they had such an abundance of this part of the living stored away for winter.

The harvesting of the grain was just a part of the fall work. Father always planned on having hundreds of pumpkins for the stock and a root house full of rutabagas. The family never objected to some nice pumpkin pies, and a mess of rutabagas did not go begging when served with some nice golden butter.

We had acres of corn every year. This all had to be husked for the pigs and chickens. During the cold winter weather mother had the corn for the chickens brought into the house and warmed in the oven, and a little capsicum sprinkled over it. She always insisted that the warm corn warmed the chickens so they did not feel the cold so much during the night.

After the cold weather set in so there was no danger of the meat spoiling, the stock which father had fattened for family consumption was butchered. He always had a two-year-old corn-fed steer and usually five hogs for our winter's supply of meat. From these animals we had sausage, sugarcured hams, head-cheese, bacon, tripe and haggis, besides meat for mincemeat, steaks, roasts, and other cuts of meat, and crocks of home-rendered lard.

When the meat was all taken care of, our storeroom was one of the most inviting rooms in the house.

243

Father was a great provider. I often wonder now what he would think to go into stores today and see people buying five pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, maybe a quarter

pound of butter and the smallest packages of other articles, after buying on the scale with which he was familiar.

What a comfortable feeling mother and father experienced when the fall work was finished, knowing that they had such a quantity of food to sustain the family through the winter months!

We could expect snow any time after November first. We were apt to look out almost any day and see a few snowflakes come drifting lazily down. Perhaps by the time we would arise in the morning we would be looking out on a changed world. The fence posts all had beautiful clean, white caps, the roofs were laden with snow and the fields were white. The lake where we had been skating a few days previously was an expanse of whiteness. Until the first snow fell we had been using buggies and wagons, now a change must be made to sleighs and cutters with sleighbells. The bells were as much a part of the harness in winter as the bridle or reins.

There was usually a respite from the cold for a few days in January. We always looked for a January thaw, which was greatly appreciated. It settled the snow so it did not drift so badly, but after this period, look out! We were due for those still cold moonlight nights, so frosty everything was creaking and cracking. The lake even seemed 244 to feel the effects of the torturous cold, from the rumbling weird sounds we could hear. The snow seemed to take on a bluish tint and it always gave you a feeling that it was much more pleasant to be inside and look out. This extremely, cold weather would last for a week or more sometimes, the thermometer going to as low as forty-five degrees below zero. These were the days that required cords of wood to keep warm. Finally father seemed to sense a change in the weather. He might happen to look out of the window at the crack of dawn and see the smoke, from the chimneys in the village, going straight up. He would remark, “There must be a change in the weather soon.” He would examine the door hinges and locks; if they were white with frost, that seemed to be an unfailing sign. He was then fully convinced that a change must come at any time. Sure enough, his hunch was right,

for it would not be long until it was warmer. We often made a little fun of father about his weather predictions, but he seemed to feel it in his bones.

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THE GEESE

To me, it has always seemed worth while living in the north, to experience the thrill of seeing the red and brown ozier change from their dull winter coloring to the rich red and brown color in the spring. When this change takes place, they look as though they had just received a fresh coat of varnish. The pine, balsam, spruce, cedars and tamarack put on their fresh colors of green. The birch and maple which had weathered the storms of winter, in the nude, were vying with their neighbors, the elm, beech and basswood, which one would be the most beautiful when fully leaved out. I scarcely finished marveling at the beauty of all this variety of new growth, when out would pop the apple, apricot, cherry, plum, dogwood, lilac, ozier, mountain ash, and snowball, blossoms, all of which made you stop and wonder if anything could be more beautiful than these trees and shrubs with all of their beauty and fragrance.

I have never been able to decide which season I liked the best, spring or fall. Spring with all new life, beautiful tender coloring, the countless number of flowers, ranging from the sombre jack-in-the-pulpit down to the dainty fragrant arbutus with its delicate waxy blossoms.

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I must pause and look at the practical side of all this life, and I realize that fall brought the fruition of all the growth of summer. This season furnished us with the delicacies which the spring promised in the array of dainty coloring, bloom and fragrance.

The grandeur of the coloring of red, green, gold, brown, mauve and russet in the fall, in whatever direction the eye could reach, could never be described in words or reproduced by an artist. Mother Nature guards them with such jealousy, no one could cope with her.

Library of Congress

What a background this beautiful coloring made for the shocks of corn, pumpkins, piles of delicious potatoes, apples, turnips, rutabagas, husked corn, squash, cords of wood, all provided by our homestead for our winter comfort.

We always felt certain that we would have an Indian Summer. That idea is born and bred in a northerner. When we had a few days of warm sunny weather, and the fleecy clouds were like a moving picture, and a caterpillar, spider or fly ventured out from their winter quarters, there was a slackening of ambition and energy and a letting down to all activity, and you tried to argue yourself into thinking that it will be some time before you need to worry about winter. But we were not allowed to have a free conscience for a very long period.

At sunset you might hear a sound overhead. Now one might think it is an airplane, but there 247 were no airplanes in pioneer days. There was a slight suspicion that wild geese were on the wing. We would hurry to the window or door, strain our eyes, and know immediately that it was a flock of wild geese. The leader would be honking as a signal to hurry along. Maybe they had been delayed a little in their flight and the pilot wanted to cover a certain distance to get his flock to a warmer place before storms and cold weather set in. That was also a warning to us to finish getting everything ready for winter. We looked forward to seeing the geese flying south as much as we did to seeing the first crows in the spring.

Could anyone be discriminating enough to say that they liked one season better than another? The ability to appreciate these changes and be able to look forward to them is part of the joy of living in the north.

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FOREST FIRE

Have you ever lived through a forest fire? If not, I hope that is an experience you will never have.

Adjoining our property there was a large tract of the most beautiful timber that could possibly be found. It consisted of hemlock, tamarack, spruce, cedar and pine. In this vicinity this particular species of pine was known as cork pine. I have been told by experienced lumbermen that it was considered the finest quality of any in the United States.

In this forest, it was all virgin timber. There never had been any lumbering done in this particular piece. The trees were thick and some of them measured four feet or more in diameter. The ground was like a green velvet carpet from the moss and needles falling from the trees.

In this forest there were wintergreen berries, squaw berries, princess-pine, arbutus, yellow and pink lady's slippers with the delicate pink markings in their throats, and frail waxy Indian pipes which were so rare, and countless other wild growth.

One could sit down in this forest and, with the 249 peace and quiet, the soughing of the wind among the trees, it could lull the fears and worries of the wayfarer until they almost felt they were living in another world. When I was a child I liked to take my shoes and stockings off and walk through the moss and needles.

This forest was the home of a great number of wild animals. Jim had seen bear, deer, porcupine, raccoon, rabbits, squirrels, fox, chipmunks and woodchuck. It was in this forest that Sappho was left an orphan.

The old eagle tree had its inhabitants every year. The loon emerged from their hiding places when it was time to build their crude nests. The crows sought refuge there upon

arriving in the north. There were partridge, robins, chickadee, blue jays and any number of the different species of birds. In fact, this forest was a bird's paradise.

In some way, no one ever knew how unless it could be attributed to a very dry season, a fire started in this forest. These varieties of trees contain pitch that burns like oil. I have never seen such a fire. The trees seemed to fairly explode.

Men came from miles around and worked frantically trying to check the fire, but the trees were so large and close together and it would spread so rapidly, it was impossible to control it. The smoke and flames would burst forth from the trees sending burning brands into the air for great distances. It was impossible for a human being 250 to endure the heat and smoke for a very long period without water and rest.

Mother, Evelyn and I started to take some water and food to Jim who had been fighting so bravely to preserve the forest. Mother and I stood back a little distance while Evelyn was trying to locate Jim. She became enveloped in the smoke and we lost sight of her. I shall never forget the anguish and terror that mother experienced when we could not see Evelyn. We called and called and finally Jim saw her and went to her rescue.

That fire lasted for days. There was not a lull until every tree had been burned, leaving that which had been such a beautiful forest nothing but a barren waste with a few of the giant trees blackened and partly burned but still standing. They looked like ghosts in the night.

There never has been wild game or birds seen in appreciable number since. Many of them must have been trapped in the flames and smoke, and perished.

There is a second growth of vegetation and trees, mostly wild cherry, birch and poplar. The cedars, spruce, tamarack and pine have never claimed the land as a suitable place to exist since the moss and needles were destroyed by the fire.

The Indian pipes, lady's slippers, arbutus and other delicate species of flowers are not found. Their frail little roots could not endure the torture of the intense heat from that terrible forest fire.

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What a pity this forest could not have lived until our faithful conservation officers could have taken over and watched and guarded it. We do not have forest fires now like the one described. Conservation officers would have appreciated the grandeur of this forest so much, I am sure they would have risked their lives to have saved it.

The generations of today can never appreciate what this beautiful country looked like before being claimed for commercial purposes, and ravaged by fires and winds.

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NEIGHBOR JACK

One of the residents in our little village had been a very good friend to our family at different times, usually when some of the animals were sick. He had not only been true to the family, but he was faithful to our Bob. He had borrowed Bob at different times to do work, and the more he worked with him the more he became attached to him. He knew all of Bob's few faults and recognized a great many of his good traits, and would have gone miles to doctor Bob if he was sick.

This man was one who could do all different kinds of work. He had worked in the camps during the lumbering days, had done some farming and gardening, carpentry and other jobs which required a strong vigorous body. At this particular time he was engaged in cutting fence posts on an island about two miles from our place. It was in November, when our little Crooked Lake becomes very treacherous. This day was very windy and cloudy. The skies looked as though the clouds would break in fury at any time. The whitecaps

were rolling and the waves were dashing high upon the shore. It did not seem possible that anyone would venture out on such a sea.

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However, Jack and his assistant did not care to spend the night on the island, so they set out in their small row boat thinking they could brave the storm. They got about halfway home when the younger man was overcome with fear and wanted to jump into the water and swim to shore. Jack argued and pleaded with him, begging him to just sit still, for with his strength, he thought he could battle the waves and reach shore safely. Jack had a wife, two little boys and a little girl, who were dear to him, and he had no desire to seek a watery grave. Just at the time when Jack thought his buddy had calmed down, he gave a lunge into the lake and tipped the boat over. Jack tried to save him, but the water was so rough and cold that his efforts were futile. Jack buffeted the waves until he reached the boat, but by that time his helper had entirely disappeared. Jack screamed for help. Two men saw the boat and realized someone was in distress. They immediately got a larger boat and started rowing toward him with all their strength. They finally reached him but he was chilled, frightened and had almost lost his power of speech. His hands were so tightly clenched to the side of the boat the rescuers could scarcely release them.

They finally got Jack to our house, which was warm and comfortable. Father, Jim and Jess all happened to be at home that day. They got his cold, wet, half-frozen clothes off, wrapped him in blankets, put mason jars with hot water around 254 him, gave him hot brandy. Jack, being endowed with a strong constitution, soon responded to the treatment he was receiving.

When he had recovered sufficiently from exposure and shock, he got dressed in some of father's warm clothing. Jim hitched up the horse and buggy and took him home to his wife and bairnies three.

The exposure did not seem to leave any bad effect for Jack lived may years after this experience.

The lake gave us his helper several weeks after the drowning and his family claimed the body.

I have always had a feeling of regret that the beautiful lake, where we had all skated, swam, fished and had so much pleasure, had to claim the life of any person.

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POLITICAL JOBS

Father, Dave and myself were the only members of our family who seemed politically minded. Father had held township offices and had been a member of the school board for years, but the remuneration was so small it was hardly worth considering.

When the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad extended their lines to the northern part of the state, it opened up new jobs. Each town along the railroad had the new and grand experience of having a post office. In some places this necessitated a messenger to carry the mail to and from the depot to the post office. There were two trains a day that carried mail, one south in the morning and one north in the afternoon.

The Post Office Department advertised for bids from people who would act in the capacity of mail messenger. Father put in a bid and it was accepted. While he did not intend to carry the mail himself, he knew there was always some member of the family who could. This left him free for other work. The job of messenger paid ten dollars a month, and father received thirty dollars in a lump sum from the Government at the end of each 256 quarter. While today this does not seem like a very large pay check, in pioneer days any amount which could be added to the family budget was appreciated for it all helped to keep the wolf from the door.

The only mail the Post Office Department was interested in at that time was the first-class mail, so there was only one small locked pouch for each delivery. Parcel post was not handled by the Post Office Department until 1913, which was years after father resigned as mail messenger.

Tean was the one in the family who seemed to like the job as messenger, for she always seemed glad and willing to start out on this mission. I could never decide whether it was to get out of some of the household duties or to feast her eyes on some of the good-looking young employees, who looked so attractive in their blue uniforms trimmed in brass buttons. When we mentioned anything of the sort, she would declare that it was neither.

Dave was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace at one of the township elections. He was sworn into office, and managed the duties of the office very nicely until couples started coming to him to get married. He had to take a lot of joking from his friends and brothers and he did not like this part of his job, neither did he consider there was sufficient solemnity connected with a wedding performed by a Justice of the Peace. After considerable conversation over the matter, he always 257 persuaded the contracting couples to go to a minister, for he had the feeling that they could tie a better matrimonial knot. He served one term as Justice and never accepted any other political office.

After I finished my business training, I took a position in the Court House as Deputy County Treasurer. I attended strictly to the duties of the office, and by so doing made a good many friends. However, we all know that there comes a time when there is a change in political affairs. There was an election and a new lot of officers invaded the Court House.

The friends whom I had made seemed to regret the possibility of my losing my job. My old teacher and professor wanted me to try and persuade the new Treasurer to have me stay on, but as the election went Republican, and I was the daughter of a staunch Democrat, I felt that I might as well surrender my job to a friend of the newly elected Treasurer.

This experience seemed to dampen my political aspirations, so I decided that I would take a vacation. I had not been home long when I was offered a position with a seed and implement company.

I think I inherited a love for the land and a desire to see things grow, from my father. I never tired of dealing with the farmers. My contact with them gave me an opportunity to hear a lot about their crops, stock, machinery and their families, 258 which was all very interesting to me. I stayed with the seed firm ten years. This period brought many changes and improvements in buggies, cutters and agricultural implements, also the introduction of the wonderful new vehicle, the motor car, which was to revolutionize travel entirely. At first the farmers were furious. The new contraption, which they called the auto, frightened the horses so they ran away, it was killing their chickens, and even the stock in the fields started running when they heard the snorting and puffing of the auto. Auto dealers tried to convince those who drove horses that autos were here to stay and the horses would in time get used to them. This was true, for the horses and buggies were gradually retired, and the auto won the victory.

After I had been working for the seed and implement company for a while, a nickelodeon opened up across the street. That was something very disturbing to me. I was always wondering what was going on. Of course, I was not hired to be running off to some kind of nonsense, as they were considered, and I was like a hawk tied by the foot. I just had to stay and work from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. The working hours for girls were shorter than for men. They went to work at seven o'clock.

The nickelodeon was something so new and up to the minute that the place was filled to overflowing at every performance. To attract the crowds, a phonograph blared from early afternoon 259 until late in the evening. The cylinder of the machine must have been cracked, from the sound it made, and the only piece I ever remember being played was, “Put me in my little bed, rock me as before.”

While we had not heard much about psychology and suggestion at that time, that piece was almost the undoing of me. After listening to it for hours I could hardly keep awake, and of course this made it hard when I was trying to get a trial balance or dictate letters.

Fall finally came and the windows were closed—that shut out the music, which was a great relief to me.

After serving the public a good many years, I decided to make another change. This time it was to marry a young man from Detroit. We lived in Detroit and Cleveland, Ohio, for a number of years. We both seemed to tire of city life and longed for the open country, so we finally moved back to the land of my birth.

A number of years elapsed and I was again seized with a desire to hold public office. I thought I would like to be postmaster in our village. I applied to the Post Office Department for the office. As the New Deal had just gone into force and I was affiliated with the Democratic Party, it was only a short time until I received notice from the Post Office Department to take over the duties as postmaster.

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I must say that after the Republic postmaster had held the job so long, it was quite a wrench both to the postmaster and the Republican patrons to see the office of postmaster handed to a Democrat. As time went on the hard feelings seemed to cease, as they usually do when there is a charge in postmasters, and conditions became serene once more.

After being postmaster for about fourteen years, I commenced to feel rather weary from the long hours and the years of confinement and sent in my resignation to the Department. It was accepted and one of my Democrat friends received the appointment.

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OUR CLOCK

Today a clock to some people might mean an electrical device with a dial indicating the time of day. It is considered a utility, no particular sentiment connected with it. It is a convenience, but not much attention has to be paid to it.

During our young lives there were no electric clocks, or even Big Ben alarm clocks, with their loud-sounding alarms which could waken one out of a sound sleep at any time, day or night.

Our little clock was mahogany, highly polished, very plain, about eighteen inches high and a foot wide by four inches thick. It was a Waterbury, made in Waterbury, Conn. It needed winding every day and struck every hour of the day. Our clock was considered one of the most important articles of all our household furnishings. I could almost say we lived by the clock. It did its duty, and there was no use getting impatient with it or talking back to it.

How many times that little clock patiently ticked away the time and finally announced the arrival of a new-born babe. And how faithfully it struck the time when we were ill and had to have medicine at stated times.

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In the winter when my father and brothers were lumbering, how quickly the clock seemed to strike 4:00 a.m., which was the time for the horses and oxen, Tom and Charley, to have their breakfast before starting to the woods to begin a hard day's work. The whole family had duties to perform. The clock ticked the hours away so fast that mother always said the days were never long enough to get half of the things done that she had laid out to do. Evelyn and I had to keep our eyes on the clock for we must get our lunch packed and get ready for school. Mother was very punctual with the meals and depended on the little clock to tell her when it was time to put the potatoes on to cook. They were peeled and waiting in the iron kettle to be set on the stove to cook. She would never have known when the luscious loaves of bread were cooked, for they had to be in the oven exactly one hour. In the winter the chickens must have their warm corn about 3:30 or they would not be able

to see to eat it before going to roost. All of these activities depended on the little clock to keep things running smoothly.

It seemed as though the little clock was so interwoven in the affairs of the family that it could almost give a history of our lives. The clear ringing strike told us when it was time for the lovers to go, and announced the time when we were to sit down to one of our sumptuous family dinners.

There were years that the little clock with its tick-tock seemed to smile at us from the shelf in 263 the dining room. How patient it seemed when we were children learning to tell the time of day, and how complicated the mechanisms seemed to us.

For years the little clock ticked patiently on, never taking a rest, but the time came when it seemed almost reluctant to tick. It almost seemed to know that a life was ebbing away and it would soon be compelled to announce the departure.

We now have an electric clock. I must admit that it is efficient, but it sits on the shelf so quietly, never a sound to even tell you it is working.

I miss the little clock used in my younger years. I wish that I might hear it ticking the time of day and striking the hour to let us know the exact time. At night, when everything is quiet and one is awake for some time, what a joy it would be to hear the little clock tell us the time.

At this age, it seems we are geared to such a high rate of speed and complicated machinery and gadgets, if we had a clock that struck, could we take the time to count the strikes to determine the time?

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ROAD BUILDING

Father was a person who was never idle. When a young man in Canada, he helped to build bridges, stone buildings and roads. This experience proved very valuable during the pioneer days and he landed some nice contracts along these lines. He was also a man who never liked to work under anyone. He like to be his own boss. He has quite a diplomat when it came to handling men. He never wanted them to think he was trying to put anything over on them. He worked along with them, and by doing this he gained their confidence and they respected him all the more for doing so.

Years ago in this part of the country there was a pathmaster elected at the township election every spring. There was a poll tax and a road tax assessed. Each male had the choice of working out these taxes or paying the poll tax of one dollar. Most of the men preferred working out the taxes. They liked to save their money and at the same time they wanted to see the work done well.

Father had such good success in getting the work done that he was elected to that office for years. He never objected to holding the office, for he was eager to get better roads established.

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Some of the roads, in this part of the country, which father supervised are still in use and are now being kept up by the country or state.

We do not have the road tax now where men can work, neither do we have the poll tax.

While father was in the road-building business, he built a road to our house which was used for over sixty years without being changed. There was a great deal of sentiment connected with this road. It provided a place for the old canoe, which was used for a toboggan when the older ones in the family enjoyed that kind of sport. The road should really have been called Lover's Lane. A good many proposals of marriage were made while traveling this highway. Plans for the future were discussed by young people. Air

castles were built, some of which crumbled, as many do, but the old road remained the same.

The old road led to the house of mirth, where the young people enjoyed the gay festivities, parties, weddings, diners and the much-loved family gatherings. This was the road by which the bridal couples left the old home to establish homes of their own.

We never realized during our youth that the day would come when sadness would stalk the old road which had always meant so much to us.

A certain day came when we were not looking for pleasures or parties or gayety. We were anxiously looking down the road to see if the doctor was coming. The picture of life was changed to 266 us for the first time. It was hard to believe, but it meant a break in our large family which could never be repaired.

Father lived to see the day when his dream came true. The country became settled, villages sprang up. The railroad was extended to the farthest part of the state. Shipping on the great Lakes increased. Beautiful passenger steamers, *Northland, Manitou, Illinois* and *Missouri,* carried passengers to the different resorts. Mackinac Island was a very popular place and thousand of people spent their summer vacation there, where they could enjoy the hospitality of the popular hotels and ride around the island in the sight-seeing buggies, surreys and other vehicles.

The locks at the Soo were a sight to visit and see the big freighters passing through with their cargoes of different commodities. All of these things have been an attraction to northern Michigan.

The greater disappointment among the pioneers of this immediate section was that there has never been a lock or canal built connecting Lake Michigan with Lake Huron. This was one of the dreams of the pioneers.

Navigation was opened up on the rivers and lakes adjoining our property. The steamers *Valley Queen, Northern Bell, Pirate of Penzance, Topinabee* and *Irene* operated with connecting boats which ran out to Lake Huron. Father always had the contract of furnishing wood for these boats, that being the only fuel used in those 267 days. During the season of the year when the boats were operating, they were a great convenience for people living along the rivers and lakes. It made it possible for them to reach the resorts with their produce, where it would have been impossible to do so any way aside from using the boats. The boats made daily stops at our dock for the purpose of obtaining their fuel, and passengers often made it a point to come there to take the boat. The boats carried baggage, express and freight besides the passengers. After we began operating the hotel, there was never a day that a crowd did not go down through the Beautiful Inland Route, as it was called.

The schedule on which the boats operated took on passengers in the morning, giving them an all day's trip through the lakes and rivers and returning in the evening in time for dinner.

The trip was very picturesque. The rivers were very crooked. One was called Crooked River. At some places there were such sharp turns there was scarcely room for the boats to get through. This made it all the more interesting to the passengers. Some of the lakes are nine miles long. Homes and cottages are built along the banks of the rivers and lakes, which all added to the landscape, making it a very interesting trip.

Father was often invited to take this trip, for he was a friend of all the owners of the boats. He enjoyed seeing the country build up from a dense forest, develop, became cultivated and blossom like the rose.

I feel that I should pause and pay tribute to our faithful old minister, Rev. Cook, and his good wife, Mary, also the several teachers, whose names were Mary, Army, Jenny, Stella and Alice, who labored so faithfully trying to mold our minds and characters so we might go out into the world and leave it a better place by our having lived.

I am sure all the teachers had patience, courage and endurance, for we, as other children, were full of life and mischief.

I am certain we did things we should not have done, and left undone the things we should have done, but I don't believe there was ever any malice in their hearts toward us.

The little white church in the village still stands as a monument to Rev. Cook's faithful work. Christine and I, some nieces and nephews, faithful workers in the community and our summer people still help to carry on. It has passed its fiftieth year, but still welcomes all who care to enter.

When my nieces and nephews come home to make us a visit, they take a peep into the little white kirk, and enter to offer up a silent prayer as they did in childhood days.

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In the little church there is a beautiful American flag with its golden cord and tassels and a golden eagle at the top of the staff. This flag was presented to the church by Sarah in memory of her son Philip. It stands as mute evidence of a promising young man whose life was sacrificed through the ravages of war.

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MY PIONEER PARENTS

As I review the lives of my parents, it seems that they possessed all the qualities necessary for pioneers, good citizens and parents.

They were honest with themselves, children and neighbors. They had courage or they never could have faced the problems of pioneering. They were both very resourceful. It seemed that there was never an obstacle which they could not overcome. They were charitable towards their neighbors and friends but very independent. While they were always ready to assist in any way possible, they never imposed upon friends.

When my parents married they took each other for better or worse, and that promise was never broken.

They endure the greatest hardships, as all pioneers did, but they took the bitter with the sweet without a word of complaint, regret or remorse, sharing failure and success equally.

They chose their lot and accepted cheerfully whatever the consequences were. I never as long as they lived heard them complain or wish that things might be different. If they wanted the course of life or conditions changed, they set about 271 immediately to see how it could be done. They were not impulsive and always tried to be logical in their decisions.

We always knew when father was considering some deal or change. While thinking about whatever it might be, he was very quiet. When he had the plans all made he would explain them to mother and the family. There never was anything secretive with any of us. The family all considered father's judgment very good, so he never met with much opposition.

My parents were not given to fault finding with each other. If they saw fit to make suggestions, no matter what the differences were, there was no bickering or arguing. They knew how to settle the matter. They learned during the early years of their life to bear and forbear.

Father and mother enjoyed many pleasures. It was a great satisfaction to them to have raised their large family, and have them capable of going out into the world as honest, respectable citizens.

They conquered the problems of pioneering, their characters being strengthened by them. Their success in obtaining the material things of life was greater than they had ever anticipated when they set out on their trek to northern Michigan to find a climate free of malaria where father and Jim could again enjoy good health.

With all the problems of pioneering, bringing up a large family, hard work, along with the pleasure 272 they experienced, I consider they lived a rich, full life, which was their reward.

Our family tree, consisting of eleven branches, weathered many years of storm and sunshine.

With the passing of time, and according to the allotted time of man, three score years and ten, beyond which a number of our family have lived, seven branches have fallen from our family tree, leaving only four surviving ones, Sarah, Christine, Elizabeth and myself.

To me, the greatest tragedies of a large family are the broken ties which must come sooner or later.

I have tried to accept the departure of different members of our family as part of the great scheme and mystery of life, feeling that it has been a great privilege to live, love and enjoy each other for so many years.

Our family tree has never yielded a President, Statesman or men in high places. Neither have any of us amassed millions of dollars. I feel that we have been one of the average pioneer families.

We have not been a family of ancestor worshippers, but there was bred in every one of us the responsibility of being a credit to our ancestors so that we might merit the reward of the crest. We have tried to hew close to the line drawn by our parents, and have striven to be a credit to the community in which we have chanced to live.

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Our family has been of a strong, robust nature, but through conditions I am hardly able to analyze, there have not been the branches to the family trees that there were on that of my parents.

David has two great-grandsons, ages three and five. Upon the shoulders of these two little boys rests the responsibility of perpetuating the family name and adding new branches to our family tree.

The End